Saturday Review

LY 14, 1956 / 20¢

IE LITERARY LIFE
SEVENTY-FIVE
William McFee

JAZZ GOOD PROPAGANDA?
E DIZZY GILLESPIE TOUR
Marshall W. Stearns

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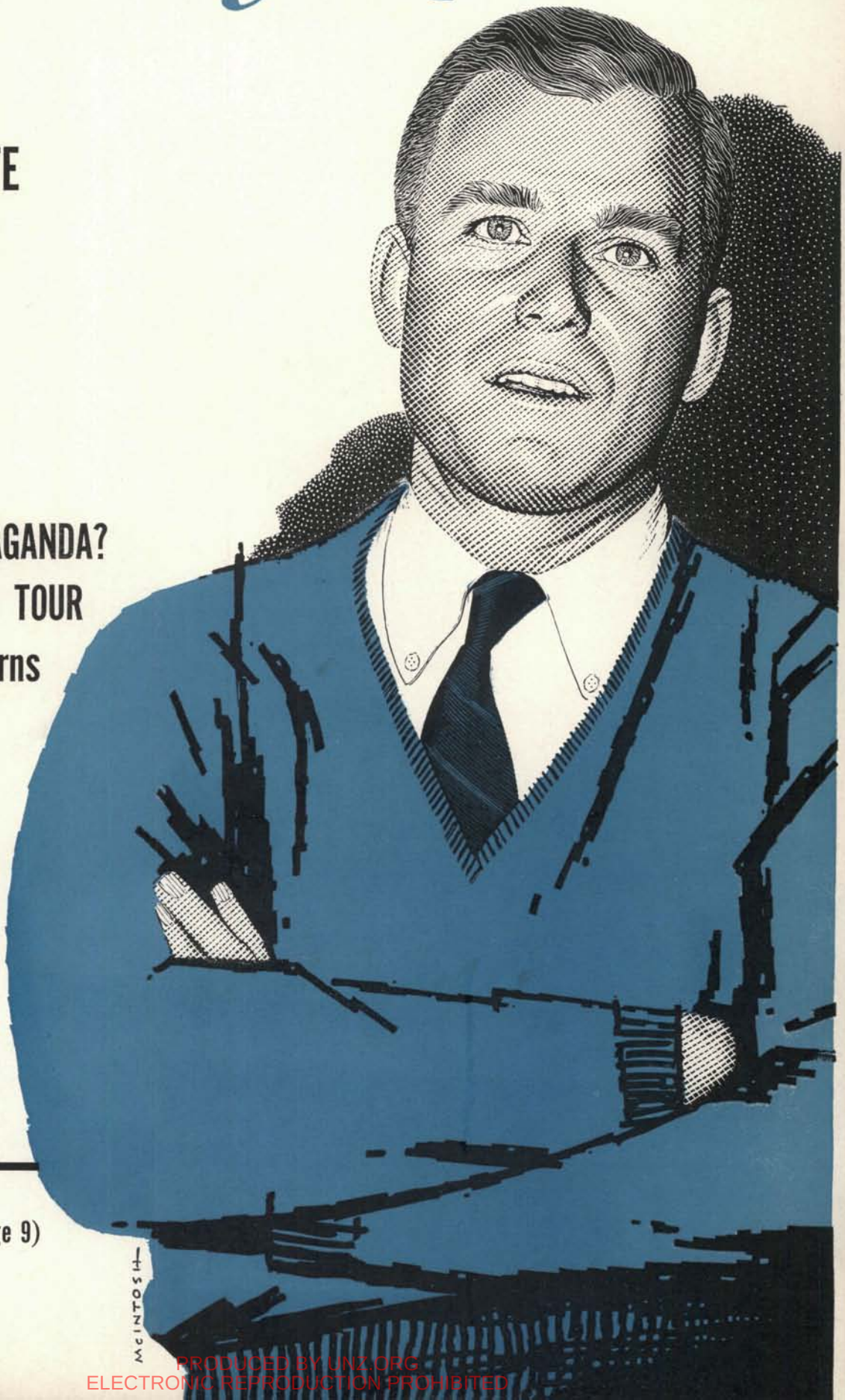

iam Brinkley, author of
't Go Near the Water." (Page 9)

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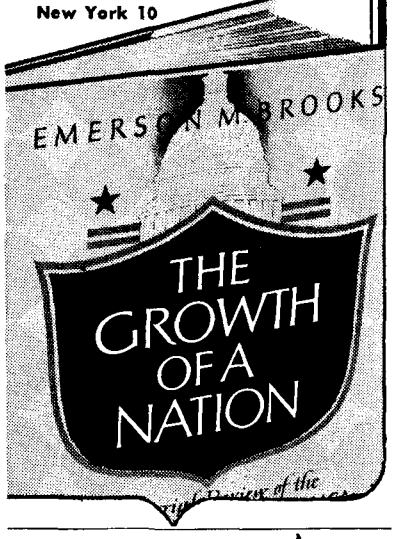

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The Saturday Review

JULY 14, 1956

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Literary Crypt

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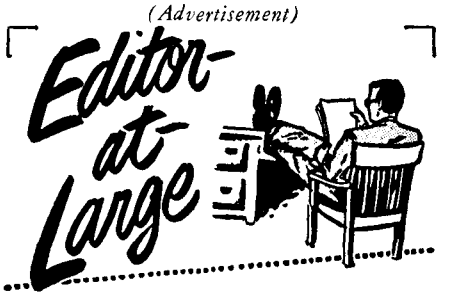

I live in a town on Long Island Sound and many of my neighbors are weekend sailors. On summer Saturdays and Sundays they are the saltiest of salts who come ashore only at cocktail time.

Then on Monday they turn up on the train in their pin-striped summer suits and their straw hats, and for five days resail the races of the preceding weekend.

In winter they re-resail the races of the summer before; they "luff" and "jibe" and "come about" all the way to New York. Their lingo gets so nautical I even heard a young advertising man refer casually to the "nor-noreast wind" that had blown against his bedroom panes the night before.

I'm not a sailor myself (as you may have gathered), but I like to read about ships, and I've just finished a book by one of the great living writers about men and the sea.

It is "The Age of Fighting Sail," a nonfiction account of the Naval War of 1812, by C. S. Forester, author of the "Hornblower" books. This new addition to the Mainstream of America Series tells about the *Constitution* and the *Constellation;* the fighting in Chesapeake Bay and the burning of Washington; the battles on Lakes Erie and Champlain; and the exploits of American ships in waters all over the globe.

It's a part of American history not as well known as some, and Forester has made of it a book both for those who go down to the sea in ships and those who prefer to go down to the sea in books.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Age of Fighting Sail," by C. S. Forester ($5.00), is the sixth book in the Mainstream of America Series, books which retell in narrative form the history of this country. All of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. For a list of all Mainstream titles, plus information about two new ones by Irving Stone and Bruce Catton, to be published later this year, write to L. L. Day, Dept. S-7, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

HARD-PRESSED PUBLISHERS have come up with a lucrative and relatively new gimmick in recent months: histories of great corporations, financed by the corporations themselves. The publishers usually supply the author, edit the text, and make a token distribution in bookstores after publication; the corporation buys between five and fifty thousand copies at a stipulated price, thus assuring the publisher a profit before he begins. In some cases (usually when the corporation's own publicity and advertising departments can be persuaded to keep their hands out of the pot) the finished product has enough general appeal to enjoy a really substantial general sale. That's just additional gravy!

There is nothing wrong with business of this sort—provided the public is let in on the essential details. Lewis Gannett put it neatly in these recent paragraphs in the *New York Herald Tribune:*

> The history of industry, obviously, is a major part of the history of America, and one too much neglected in the past. Often it cannot be told without institutional cooperation, or even support. And why should corporations not support their own biographies, as the families of worthy men and women have often supported ponderous biographies in the past?
>
> There was a time when corporation histories were usually issued either by "vanity presses," and given away, or by university presses, which weighted them down with learned and unreadable footnotes. It has been a gain for the reader that so many skilful writers and historians, men of integrity and independence, Allan Nevins, Gerald Johnson, and Marquis James among them, have undertaken to tell such sponsored stories.
>
> Sometimes the sponsorship and even subsidy are clearly stated. Sometimes they are implicit. Other books have appeared in which a cynical reader might suspect corporate inspiration and support though no statement is made.
>
> Advertising in magazines and newspapers is required by law to carry an instantly recognizable indication of its source and financing. Perhaps there is need, if not for a law, at least for a code of ethics in the book business.

LEONARD SILK, a magazine editor of distinction, submits a playlet which obviously comes straight from heart:

The Staff Meeting

Managing Editor: Well, gent the book is wide open. Any ideas

Bird-Watching Editor: Lool there ought to be a strong piec for us in the American eagle. W could get somebody like Sir Ed mund Hillary or the Sherpa Tenz ing to chase some eagle up to h eyrie and . . .

Back-Issues Editor: We did already—in 1924, June. Richar Halliburton did it for us. On M McKinley. Didn't come off. Ov everybody's head.

Juvenile Delinquency Editor Look, here's a piece with a switc We get some police commission to sign an article *in favor of* z guns, brass knuckles, and swit blades. Idea is that if the good ki could get them and scare hell o of the bad kids it would deter a gression.

Logic Editor: It won't trac George. You'd never get a poli commissioner to sign it.

Juvenile Delinquency Edito Oh, no? It just so happens that have *three* police commissione with their tongues hanging out sign it.

Managing Editor: Sounds pret good to me, George. Nice pictu possibilities.

World War III Editor: Loo about this trouble in the Midd East . . .

Managing Editor: Who car about the Middle East?

World War III Editor: Haz Mahali cares about the Midd East. David Ben-Gurion car about the Middle East. John Fo ter Dulles cares a lot. Whadda mean?

Managing Editor: Yeh, but Mi Gilhooley of East Cupcake, V she cares about the Middle Eas

World War III Editor: We g to make her care.

Managing Editor: How?

World War III Editor: We show her a day in the life of *fellahin* housewife—getting t kids off to school, taking care her wounded husband, planning trip to Mecca . . .

Managing Editor: Leaves r cold.

Cosmic Editor: Listen, fellas, got the story of the eon! Pr fessor Schnitzelbank of Cal Te has definite proof that the ur verse may explode momentari

Back-Issues Editor: We did it in 1911, October.

Cosmic Editor: Couldn't ha

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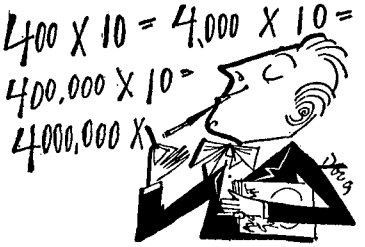
en Schnitzelbank. He's only rty-two years old.
Back-Issues Editor: So what's e difference?
Cosmic Editor: So this is new d important!
Managing Editor: Our last adership survey showed our aders hate these exploding uni-rse stories. Too pessimistic.
Cosmic Editor: But we can't ıore a story like this. It's world-aking!
Managing Editor: Please, you're t of order. We're running late.
ɔsmic Editor: Nevertheless . . .
Managing Editor: Quiet!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!
Curtain

***

Epilogue
(In Hell)
ınaging Editor: I still say you ı't knock the readership surveys.

TO THE LIST of famous "firsts": Palmer, five-year-old grand-hter of Pete Street—the first nose-l in natural color, during a tele-ɔf "Howdy Doody." . . . Art Buch-'s next book for Little, Brown be called "How to Be a Cow-. . . . The publisher of an avant-ɜ literary magazine was endeav-to sell a dictionary house a rear-



cover ad. "What's your circulation?" asked the hard-boiled dictionary exec. "About four thousand," boasted the publisher. "Listen," advised the prospect. "You'll never sell space on that basis. Stretch the facts a bit. Multiply your actual circulation by ten." "What?" interrupted the publisher. *"Again?"* . . . A Jersey City newshawk has stumbled upon what must be the saddest sack in six states. His name (actually) is Peter Rabbit III, and he has fallen into the clutches of the law for misdemeanors on numerous occasions. "It's always the same story," he laments. "I'm getting along O.K. till some cop asks my name. It's when I answer 'Peter Rabbit' the trouble really starts!"

BECAUSE I AM FOOL ENOUGH to carry my reading glasses around loose in my pocket I break either a lens or a temple about once a week. The last time I accomplished this brilliant feat was aboard a plane bound for San Antonio. It was after five when I arrived, and I grumbled, "I suppose it's too late to get these things fixed this evening." But Ed Ray of *The San Antonio Express* and *News* and Maury Maverick, Jr., who met me, pointed to a third gent standing with them, and said, "You're in luck. This is Morris Holmes, one of the best darn optometrists in the whole of Texas."

Believe it or not, Mr. Holmes not only had my glasses back, in apple-pie order, twenty minutes later, but two weeks later there arrived at my desk in Random House a brand new pair of "Texan-made spectacles," ground to my prescription, in a leather case with my initials embossed thereon—plus the Lone Star of Texas, of course—with the compliments of the house. Texans! How can you help but love 'em?

LONG BEFORE these precious lines appear in print I will have been winging my way to Europe for my first visit there in too many years. In my absence TRADE WINDS will be in the loving and capable hands of Laura Hobson. Au revoir to her, to you, and to this wonderful land of ours. I will be back with you, puns and all, Lord willing, early in October.—BENNETT CERF.

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in pictures

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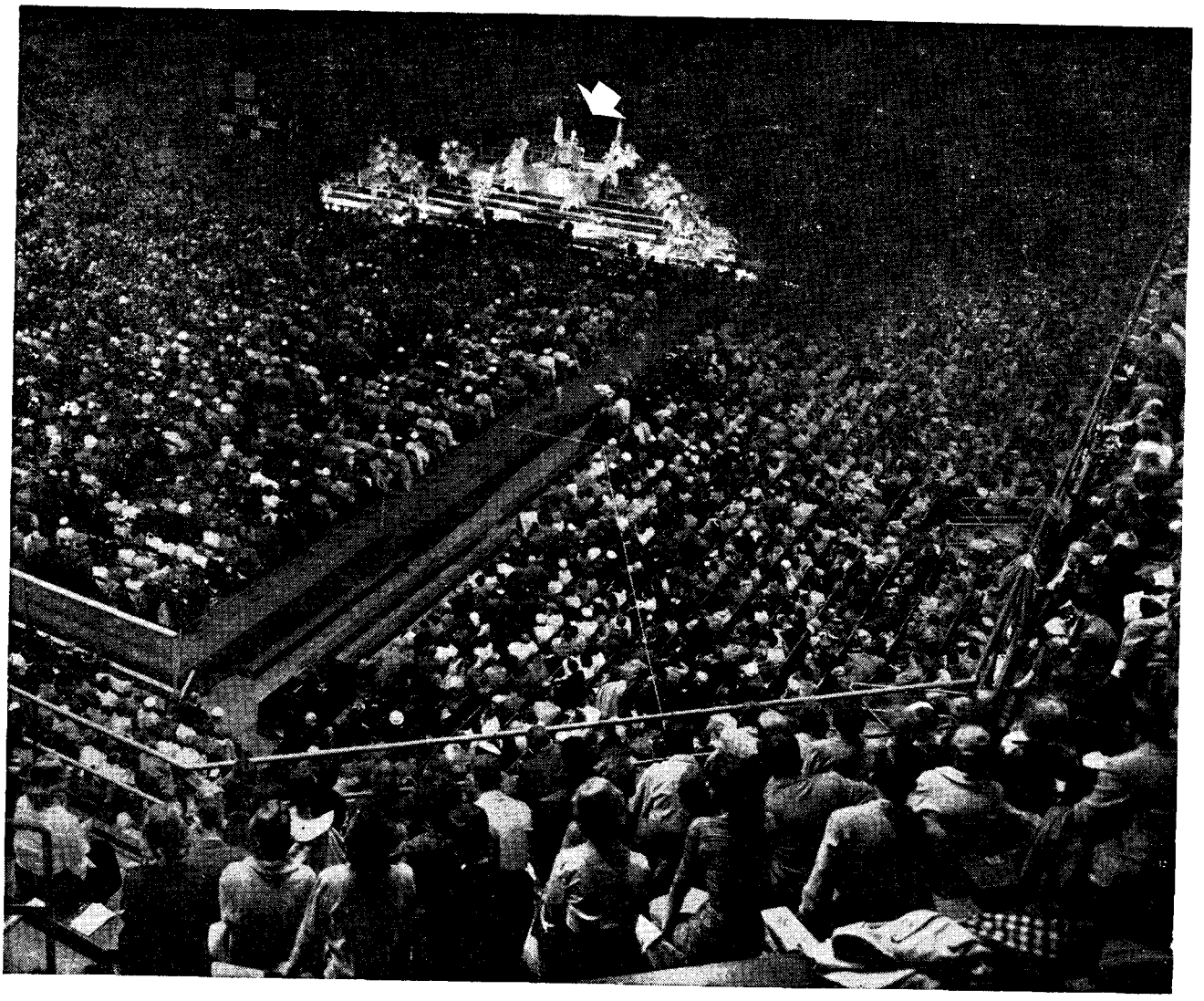
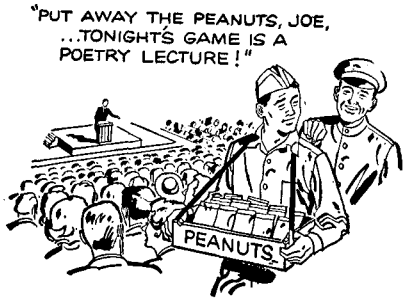


What makes a newspaper great?



T. S. Eliot probably is the only poet in history to face an audience of 13,723 in a cavernous sports arena.

The event: the third in the series of Gideon Seymour Memorial Lectures, presented by the University of Minnesota and sponsored by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. The subject: a brilliant discourse on "The Frontier of Criticism," which earned for the 67-year-old Nobel Prize winner an ovation remindful of those that rattle the same Williams Arena rafters during a Big Ten basketball game.

The unlikely locale of the Eliot lecture was made necessary by the unprecedented demand for tickets to hear the scholarly sophisticate who authored "The Waste Land" and "The Cocktail Party." Requests for the free admission tickets snowed in from the far reaches of the 3⅓ state Upper Midwest area, far exceeding the capacity of the University's big Northrop auditorium—where only last autumn, 8,500 people jammed into three overflow auditoriums and several thousand more had to be turned away in the crush to hear the second Seymour lecturer, historian Arnold J. Toynbee, discuss "The New Opportunity for Historians." As with Toynbee, some of the Eliot audience came from more than 700 miles away.

The Gideon Seymour Memorial Lectures are designed to bring world leaders in contemporary thought to the University of Minnesota campus for the benefit of the whole community. The lecture series was established in honor of the late executive editor of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. The lectures another manifestation of the tinuing effort exerted by these n papers to serve and advance intellectual and cultural inte of their reader community, as as being an appropriate recogni of the past contribution to same effort by one of Amer most highly regarded newsp editors, Gideon Deming Seymou

In a region famed for the tellectual vigor of its citizens, challenge to newspapers is g The effort to measure up to challenge is always enriching the response frequently spectac

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JOHN COWLES, *President*

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The Saturday Review
JULY 14, 1956

THE LITERARY LIFE AT SEVENTY-FIVE

A Whine from the Chimney Corner

By the chimney in earlier days.

ITOR'S NOTE: *The sea is a kind of ivent, and men who have long lived it write with the skepticism and de and patience of great self-knowl-ge. The finest living sailor-author is lliam McFee, who was born in Lon-n in 1881, apprenticed an engineer seventeen, ran away to sea at twenty, l sailed until 1922, when he quit the and settled down in Connecticut. s first book, "Letters from an Ocean mp," was published in 1908, and he produced since then a steady eam of writings; incidentally, McFee tributed a book-review to* SR*'s first nber, August 2, 1924. Engineer Fee is not the mystical introvert his r-contemporary Joseph Conrad was. rad was a ship's-master, up on the dge, and McFee is more akin to ollett, the acid, witty surgeon's-mate o served in Admiral Vernon's disas-us attack on Cartagena in 1741. parently McFee is no more content be swallowed up by old age than by ocean waters, for at a recent party his seventy-fifth birthday he deliv-l up the virile, rebellious remarks nd in this article.*

By WILLIAM McFEE

THOSE who have reached or will reach my age will understand that when you reach it, no matter how youthful you may feel, you are for the vast majority of people just another old man tottering on the edge of the grave, and many of them wonder why you hang around. This is particularly true of writers in America, where vogues and fashions change so rapidly.

Writers are not highly regarded in America. I know this sounds odd, but it is true. Everyone uses a pen, and everyone believes he or she could write a book if there were only time. Recently I heard the expression, "I could write a book about that place." Another person, after reading a book about his own profession, said he could write a better book. The point is, each assumed as a matter of course he could write a book, but he would never claim to be able to carve a statue or compose music or paint a picture or design a building. Even if they do not offer to write a book they have a plot for a novel, which they present to a writer, free.

I am sure many writers, still living, who were once great commercial successes sometimes wonder what has hit them. Why did their vogue suddenly end? I recall a certain enormously successful English playwright, Henry Arthur Jones, who cried to a fellow dramatist, "They don't want me any more!" Arnold Bennett, another spectacularly successful playwright, notes calmly in his Journal that he thinks his vogue as a writer of plays is ending. Bennett was an uncanny realist about himself. But this sudden, shattering obsolescence is more prevalent in America than in Britain, where loyalties last longer.

This illusion that one's vogue and financial prosperity are permanent is particularly common among writers for the great national weekly and monthly magazines. They become condescending, and even arrogant, toward those lesser breeds who gain a pitiful popularity in highbrow organs like *The Atlantic Monthly*. I remember one of them commiserating me for having to sell a story to the *Atlantic*. Anyone who did not, as the saying went, "make the *Post*" was practically non-existent as a writer. I used to know some of these men and correspond with them. One was good enough to tell me that the trouble with Conrad was, quite simply, he did not know how to write. What Conrad needed, he believed, was a *Saturday Evening Post* writer to go over his copy and make it salable. That particular writer is no longer writing. He is in Florida real-estate. You

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would not recognize his name if I mentioned it, although in those days, twenty years ago, he received $3,000 for a short story. And I can remember an editor of a popular magazine who said in a symposium that Max Beerbohm's story "Enoch Soames," about a writer who sold his soul to the devil for posthumous fame, would need revision and rewriting before he, the editor, would accept it. It was a good idea, he admitted, but Beerbohm didn't know how to work it out.

It must always be borne in mind that the average editor, when he starts on a manuscript, is a man of ideals. He has an ideal writer in his mind, and how you measure up to that writer depends on his reaction. At one time the ideal writer for a popular magazine editor was James Oliver Curwood. I have known an editor kiss his hand in ecstasy about Curwood, and tell me I should study that guy. At another time it was Edna Ferber who was an editorial star. No nonsense about Edna. They might yak-yak about Conrad, but give him Edna. Now I fancy it is Paul Gallico. Editors don't expect to get that kind of perfection every time, but if only the other writers would try. . . .

Oh the editors! If the mortality among writers is tragic that among editors is cataclysmic. They come and they go as if through a revolving door. When I first retired from the sea and bought a house in Westport, then a quiet village on the Sound, every other man I met at a cocktail party had been editor of *Collier's*. The place was full of them! And a writer of seventy-five, if he has a manuscript to offer, finds he is submitting it to an editor who was wetting his diapers when he himself was doing his best work. That is very testing, especially when the editor returns it for an obviously disingenuous reason. The real reason is, the generations cannot communicate one with another. But a modern editor, who can feel his successor breathing down his neck, is in no mood for philosophic analysis. His cultural equipment keeps him nervously aware only of today's headlines. I think one of the most sinister evidences of this is an item that appeared in a California paper when Colette died. It ran simply, DISCOVERER OF AUDREY HEPBURN DIES.

I REALIZED years ago that a new day was dawning. Somerset Maugham recently remarked of a once fabulously popular novelist that he could not sell a story today. He is still around, that novelist, but it is true. His style would not be acceptable now. The thing to do when you find yourself no longer in fashion is to take up insurance Fuller Brushes or real-estate, son thing people really want. Authors is not like most businesses. It has goodwill. A writer has to produce work himself, except in special ca like the elder Dumas or the husb of Colette. A manufacturer of Scr ble might lose his trade, but not w the lightning speed of the changes the book market. Some of you n remember a book called "The S cialist." Six hundred thousand cop Its sale resembled a Midwest twister, and harder to explain. I do if you could give it away now, alone sell it. The public is not o extremely unpredictable. It is ex peratingly fickle. It will buy hundr of thousands of copies of a book, while the author may write twe more as good, or even better, t will stay away in droves. The aut will be known by that one book the rest of his life.

There is the classic case of Co Doyle, desperately trying to extric himself from the coils of a creation loathed, Sherlock Holmes. When doubled and tripled his price for w ing Holmes potboilers the edi went him one better, and the pu would not be denied. In despair killed the fellow, but was compe to invent a resurrection. The cha ter was, although Doyle did not k it, immortal. And his hard-plot well-written historical novels w unregarded. I personally knew s a case, Hugh Lofting, the creato Dr. Doolittle. They were so popu with the younger set he had to k on grinding them out while he wa to write serious novels.

The public will stay away in dr even from a book which by ev standard of excellence and accepta should be a success. Often I h heard my wife say of a book I reviewing and raving over, "It everything. It *must* sell." It not did not sell, it died aborning. I to keep a shelf of such books. It a sort of cemetery of literary carriages.

A man who has reached my reacts against anniversaries out modesty. He has seen so many re tations rise like balloons and sink of sight. So many of them turn to be will-o'-the-wisps, begin with a bang and ending with a w per. He becomes increasingly av of the meretriciousness of all lite fame. He certainly becomes skep of his own pretensions. In my case I think I achieved philosop resignation by my relations H. L. Mencken, when he was run *The American Mercury*. He was a

(*Continued on page* 38)

"I know the world isn't ready for this yet—I'm shooting for the time it'll be unearthed."

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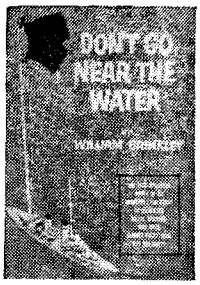


SR's *Book of the Week:*

"DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER"

Author: William Brinkley

CAPTAIN WALTER KARIG, NR (RET.), *author of "Battle ort," a six-volume history of naval on in World War II.*

PSTAIRS was "topside," the floor was "the deck." At 1700, or 2 bells, that is, of the first dog, hands locked their desks after ing sure that nothing to compro- security was adrift, and went ore" on buses they referred to as rty boats."

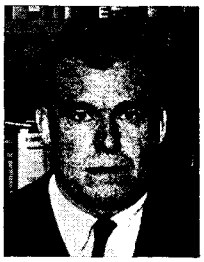
ow, that's all good Navy language y employed by midshipmen and rals of the regular establishment there are accents of pathos in it n spoken by the shorebound naval vists, not excluding such fakers feather-merchants as are hilar- y lampooned in William Brinkley's sty on service public relations, 't Go Near the Water" (Random e, $3.95). His novel—actually a ly linked collection of short stories als guffawingly with the huck- sh efforts of a unit of Navy pub- s cozily ensconced on a minor ar Paradise in the western Pacific e close of World War II. Tulura note enough from the fighting for to visit in safety and comfort but enough also to give the jun- rs something to boast about back .

re sits Lt. Cmdr. Clinton T. Nash, red by the U.S. Naval Reserve a prairie state brokerage office, g impressively with a sextant as shorts his staff of former bond nen, radio commercial writers, college boys to their major war . That is, of course, "selling" the to the visiting Congressmen, newspaper correspondents, and, gh them, the ignorant folks back .

nehow the methods that succeed ll in selling securities and soap somewhat less persuasive in handizing the Navy, except when ook's hero, Ensign Max Siegel, R, essays to bail his seniors out of self-created troubles. It is Siegel diplomatically hangs portraits of t E. Lee or Herbert Hoover ac- ng to the political complexions of expected visitors, Siegel who saves the unit from disgrace time and again when press agentry dreams threaten to become nightmares. He placates and pampers the newspaper correspondents, all of whom claim to know more about the Navy then anybody in uniform, including the admirals on the base. He mollifies flag officers and captains whose opinions of the public-relations officers differ only from their contempt for the press and politicians.

Brinkley was in naval public relations himself during the war, but he heard guns fired in anger—and in his direction—at Anzio and Okinawa. He can, therefore, be excused the derision he heaps on those who gloried in their cleverness in keeping their skins intact under smartly pressed uniforms. He employs no subtleties in having, or transmitting, his fun with the boys who talked saltily but bathed in fresh water before having their evening martinis. His is the slapstick style of comedy. The mirror he holds up to service public relations—and it fits Army or Air Force as snugly as it does the Navy—is like the Coney Island looking-glasses that so inhumanly reflect an image without rendering it unrecognizable. And yet, for all that, there runs through the book the tenderly told love story of Siegel's courtship of the European-educated daughter of Tulura's first citizen. Hollywood bait though it be, the interpolation is pleasantly and adroitly done.

The author's big guns shift throughout from their prime target to blast the Regular Navy, the newspaper correspondents, and even the Navy nurses. Brinkley has small mercy for anybody except the symbolic Siegel. To the extent that it is a fault, even in so broad a burlesque as this, he shares it with most other writers who try the tricky weapon of satire in revenging themselves on military pomposity. One remembers "Off My Seachest," by ex-Lt. Cmdr. Louis Connaroe, USNR, and "All the Ship's at Sea," by Captain William J. Lederer, USN (Annapolis '36). Lederer's was funniest of all because he was not adverse to twitting himself now and then, and because the book was shorter. Brinkley works overtime to squeeze the last possible laugh into his fat book, but why complain? They are all good belly-laughs, and those are not easy to come by these days.



MAN WITH A JACKPOT: This week William Brinkley was available for interviews at his publisher's offices and we hotfooted it uptown to meet the man who sold his second novel, "Don't Go Near the Water," to M-G-M for a record sum of $335,000 before publication, on top of selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club. After our talk we doubt that success will spoil William Brinkley. Born a minister's son in Oklahoma, thirty-nine-year-old Brinkley is trim and ruddy-faced with a warm disposition, displaying a level-headed and determined approach to writing. He is on leave of absence from *Life* magazine (where he is an editor and feature writer) but entertains no thoughts of retiring to devote himself exclusively to fiction. "You see, non-fiction and fiction writing help each other. Going out to meet people for article material gives me a sense of participating in life and offers the kind of stimulation that helps me as a novelist. I want to be a great novelist but there is a lot of work ahead, especially if you think of writing as 'progression' to a point where you get closer and closer to your characters. I had a lot more fun with my second novel [the first was "Quicksand" with an Italian setting] because I felt greater intimacy with my characters. After a while they began to fill the room about me and I just let them have their head." During his four-year Navy hitch he covered a lot of Mediterranean and Pacific waters on assignment from *Stars and Stripes* (in civilian life he had been a reporter for *The Oklahoma City Times* and *The Washington Post*), but despite the obvious source material for his novel Brinkley calls it "extremely fictional." When he writes Brinkley has a large calendar on the wall (whether at home with his wife in Westport, Connecticut, or on the road) and if he can tick off fifteen to twenty hours weekly of work on a novel he is satisfied. His advice to fledgling novelists: "If you want to write badly enough there is no excuse for not writing—ever, regardless of economics or energy-sapping daytime jobs."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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Tales in Somber Vein

"The Daffodil Sky," by H. E. Bates *(Little, Brown. 256 pp. $3.50), a new collection of short pieces by an adept storyteller, features a number that are concerned with man's failure to achieve love and understanding.*

By William Peden

IN HIS new collection of short stories entitled "The Daffodil Sky" H. E. Bates demonstrates once again that he is as competent and entertaining as any living English writer. Equally adept with the character sketch, the expanded incident, or the fully plotted story, the author of "The Purple Plain," "Colonel Julian," and many other books of first-rate fiction continues to write with a finesse which must be the despair of some of his contemporaries.

Many of these essentially bleak stories are concerned with a man's failure to achieve love and understanding. The protagonist of the title story begins to live only after his chance encounter, outside a rain-drenched pub, with a lusty young woman "full of the uncanny instinct of the blood." He is a likable individual, this young grower of daffodils. On the surface he is a reasonably disciplined, not ungentle, human being. Basically, however, he is uncertain, afraid, and capable of great violence; tragedy is his destiny as he gropes his halting way through a world he never comprehends. This kind of semi-primitive man appears often in Mr. Bates's stories. His physical competence only underscores his essential loneliness and vulnerability. He feels with the blood, as it were, and the blood—as stories like "The Daffodil Sky" or "The Good Corn" or "Roman Figures" suggest—can betray or save with equal indifference.

Mr. Bates's intellectuals are, similarly, battlegrounds of warring impulses and conflicting emotions. Characteristic is the young Englishman of "Across the Bay," whose existence suddenly becomes meaningful because of his love affair with a French girl. He is "smitten" with gray loneliness. . . . . He felt sickened by people. He wanted no one near him but the girl, on the burning shore or in the calm darkness." But he cannot give himself to her completely. Like the detached traveler of "Third View on the Reichenbach" or the mildly psychotic officer of "A Place in the Heart," he asks for more than he is capable of giving; if he receives less than he needs it is, perhaps, as much as he deserves. They have had it, these men, in one way or another, because of the war or fatigue or some congenital inability to accept life as it is. In their emptiness they are more akin to Eliot's hollow men than their semi-primitive counterparts are to D. H. Lawrence's men of the blood.

In somewhat less serious vein Mr. Bates has created a remarkable group of people, pleasant, not so pleasant, and definitely unpleasant: a sex-conscious mother contemplating the disturbing fact that her daughters have become fully developed, inviting, and complicated young women; two old maids with their paragon of a manservant; a corpulent, violin-playing coffin maker on a Sunday afternoon.

Even more than his great technical skill, his effective evocation of a sense of place, or his virtuosity as a teller of tales, this expert delineation of character is the source of much of Mr. Bate's success. It can be said of him, as Arnold Bennett said of himself, that he comes neither to scoff nor to patronize, but to comprehend. Perhaps, in these days, we have no right to ask any more of an author.

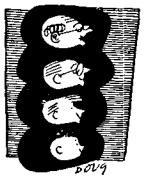
Aerial Death Dance

"The Last Squadron," by G Gaiser *(translated by Paul Fi Pantheon. 251 pp. $3.50), is a ficti presentation of the air war as from the German side.*

By Daniel S. Dodson

GERMAN books on World Wa translations of which are app ing in increasing numbers in country, seem to fall into two b categories: the apologetic *mea c* of those who fought while strugg with their consciences, and the abashedly belligerent declaration a National Socialism secretly u feated in spirit. One is likely to sus that the first are tempered by torical perspective, while shudde over the *Blut und Ehre* of unrege ated fanaticism in the second.

In "The Last Squadron" Gerd G has obviously chosen to elect a controversial approach. Mr. Gaise drawn on his experiences in the L



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Mont., asks you to identify the follov people in families where genius and fame have struck more than once. Ans on page 36.

1. Prototype of his own Colonel Sartoris, the great-grandfather of Mi sippi's first citizen (literarily speaking) wrote "The White Rose of Memp a melodramatic novel.

2. Daughter of an illustrious doctor of music, organist, and first real histo of music in England, this Dresser to the Queen (whose duties included mi Her Majesty's snuff) left a diary full of lively details about the Jonsonian c and a famous novel about a "Young Lady's Entrance Into the World."

3. Erstwhile lecturer at Princeton, this German romanticist and Nobel P winner continued to produce tales of decadence and death while his daug (wife of W. H. Auden) has concentrated chiefly on political works.

4. The mother of this British post-office official (whose "Autobiogra described his system of producing a constant stream of novels) is better kn for her (in this country) offensive "Domestic Manners of the Americans" for her forty-odd novels.

5. Daughter of an English poet laureate (who accepted only when ass that no official verse would be required and whose only such poem was p ably written by his son-in-law), thought to be a harmonious blending o personalities of his wife and sister, his "joy and sunshine" published "A J nal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal."

6. The mother of a famous eccentric, poet, esthete, and prison refo (dressed as a girl until five years old because of his mother's disappointr in hopes of a daughter) wrote Irish ballads under the pen name Speranza kept up a sprightly salon in Dublin.

7. Although she began with didactic stories for children (imbued with i on society and education obtained largely from her father, author of an "E on Irish Bulls" and "Practical Education") her "Castle Rackrent" is consid one of the best historical novels before Scott.

8. Famous father of a more famous daughter, he was the "conversation among the transcendentalists and the sponsor of an egregious failure, F lands, while she stabilized the family fortunes with the publication in 18 a classic among girls' books.

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waffe to describe the final days of a fighter group based somewhere, presumably in occupied territory, on the North Sea. His fighter pilots, veterans of the Battles of Britain, Africa, and Greece, mixed in with young men fresh from flight training, are caught in an unattractive moment in history: that stylized week when it became obvious that German air superiority was a nostalgic memory. They must learn a new habit, the habit of defeat. At the beginning of this week rather bored airmen are flying unspectacular protective missions over supply convoys without encountering serious allied intervention. Seven days later ponderous flights of Flying Fortresses, escorted by formidible, long-range fighter aircraft, are striking deep into German territory, and the same pilots are diving their yellow-nosed F.W. 190s and Me. 190s in suicidal attempts to break up the formations which are decimating the country's war potential.

Thus, exercising the novelist's expressionistic prerogatives, Gaiser has condensed a complex and bitterly contested struggle into a fraction of the actual time in history (approximately August 1942 to May 1945). Perhaps it is this convenient distortion which gives the novel its curious stasis, its resemblance to an aerial dance of death. Mr. Gaiser uses the technique of the scattered perspective, the battle as seen through the eyes of a dozen or more characters, all of whom seem to be lost in the profoundly disturbing process of attrition. It is the technique of two such distantly related novelists as Tolstoy and Norman Mailer but, unfortunately, the pilots of "The Last Squadron" never seem to emerge as individuals from the fatal rhythm of the dance sufficiently to give their collective vision of apocalypse its real horror. Mr. Gaiser is recording the effect of the weight of whimsical tyranny from above, and the breed of men he is dealing with are so accustomed to the illusions of invincibility that they seem no longer seriously capable of escape into individuality. But the blunting of the individual places severe limits on the novel's emotional range.

The periphery of this book is haunted with familiar figures deliberately disguised by the anonymity of "the Chief," "the General," "the Commander-in-Chief." In this way Mr. Gaiser avoids the disadvantages of political memory. If a single man is drawn on heroic proportions it is the figure of Frenssen (Udet presumably), who, lying in his quarters, faces that unnamed but ubiquitous picture in Nazi Germany and pronounces with supreme understatement: "I hate him. I hate him like the plague."

Doomed to Desolation

Françoise Mallet-Joris—"audacious."

"The Red Room," by Françoise Mallet-Joris *(translated by Herma Briffault. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 247 pp. $3.50), is a story of calculated viciousness, refined cruelty, and frenzied sensuality in a Belgian town, the work of a talented young writer.*

By Otis Fellows

WHEN she was barely twenty Françoise Mallet-Joris published her first book, "The Illusionist," a novel of surprising maturity. With superb craftsmanship and delicate subtlety she handled the hazardous subject of a young girl seduced by her father's mistress and future wife. Two years later in "Bonjour Tristesse" Françoise Sagan was to show at least equal promise as a writer in her own sensitive study of a teen-age girl, naive and yet precociously sophisticated. Comparison between these two youthful authors was inevitable, and it was wondered whether each could duplicate her initial feat. Doubtless the comparison will be broadened since we now have Mme. Mallet-Joris's second novel and Mlle. Sagan's is soon to appear in translation.

"The Red Room," Mme. Mallet-Joris's sequel, is about Hélène Noris, the red-haired eighteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy Belgian industrialist. Hélène tells her own story—a story heavy with calculated viciousness, refined cruelty, and frenzied sensuality. Two years before Hélène had known the torments and pleasures of subjection in the arms of Tamara. Now, with an icy contempt tinged with fear, she watches the older woman play the role of a highly respectable matron whose husband will shortly be mayor of Gers. But up from Paris and into this little world of restlessness, boredom, and disdain has come Jean Delfau, a successful artist and man of the theatre.

Partly, but only partly, to eclipse her stepmother Hélène has determined to take this clever, wily master of women as lover. She will find his vulnerable point and wound him; she will, young as she is, with a ruthlessness easily matching his own, use him like an instrument "to be taken up and set down again at will." It is to the "red room" of a house of assignation in the more disreputable part of town that the girl and her thirty-two-year-old lover repeatedly return for those meetings where neither romance nor sentiment must prevail.

This tale of wilful amorality and suppressed conscience illustrates, if nothing else, how capably two people endowed with clear-headed cynicism can plant the seeds of their own desolation. Precisely because Mme. Mallet-Joris resorts again and again to the interlocking themes of egotism, cruelty, and cynicism she has been likened to Laclos, author of that eighteenth-century masterpiece of depravity "Dangerous Relations." But "The Red Room," audacious though it sometimes is, fails to be entirely convincing in its depiction of the unsolved difficulties of the soul. And so it does not leave one with the sense of wonderment and heartbreak of Laclos's terrible story.

Herma Briffault's translation is at times uneven and the reader will have to accept on faith the statement in "Translator's Foreword" that "this is disciplined writing." Moreover, the book has a number of misprints, though more than compensated for by the provocative red plush cover quite in keeping with the novel it encloses.

VIRGINIANS IN LOVE AND WAR: In **"Eagle on the Sun"** (Rinehart, $3.75) Julia Davis offers us a wholesome, ingratiatingly readable historical romance. Angus MacLeod, a Virginia Scotsman

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The "New" Republicanism

"A Republican Looks at His Party," by Arthur Larson *(Harper. 210 pp. $2.95), is a presentation of the viewpoint of the Administration by the Under Secretary of Labor. Merlo J. Pusey, associate editor of* The Washington Post *and author of "Eisenhower the President," reviews it below.*

By Merlo J. Pusey

EVERY President undertakes in some measure to remake his party in his own image. Certainly this was true in marked degree of Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman. President Eisenhower is no exception. Both he and the men around him have given much time and energy to the development of a new brand of Republicanism that will not end with the President's tenure of office.

In "A Republican Looks at His Party" Arthur Larson, the Under Secretary of Labor, writes of the "New Republicanism" as if it were already an accomplished fact. His thesis is that mid-century America is in general agreement on "fundamental issues" and that this general agreement is reflected, more accurately than ever before, in the philosophy and policies of the Eisenhower Administration.

As Mr. Larson views the current political scene the Administration is securely entrenched in what he calls "the Authentic American Center" in politics. General Eisenhower has captured the broad middle way, carrying a large percentage of the people with him. With the partisan fervor that one expects to find in a volume of this sort Mr. Larson contends that "the man who holds the center holds a position of almost unbeatable strength." He looks forward confidently to Republican victories in 1956, 1960, and later years if the Republican candidates cling to this "American consensus" and the opposition has to attack from one extreme position or another.

There is no suggestion that the Administration has moved into this middle-of-the-road position out of political expediency. Most of Mr. Larson's 210 pages are devoted to arguments that the Administration, of which he is a part, has adopted the right course—the course that leads to peace, prosperity, and continued freedom along with social security. He candidly admits that many ideas and measures now blended into the "New Republicanism" were borrowed from the New Deal. Yet he draws sharp contrasts between the philosophy and methods of Roosevelt and Eisenhower. "The humanitarian ideas of the New Deal were praiseworthy," he says, "and have been rightly emulated; the economic ideas were bad, and have been totally discarded."

One of the most impressive parts of the book is given to differentiating the Eisenhower policies from FDR's anti-Depression measures. The author gives undue emphasis to Roosevelt's concern with the equitable distribution of resources "already in hand," at the expense of economic expansion, and he gives too much credit to the Eisenhower people for the good times of the present. When due allowance for partisanship is made, however, the contrasts between the late Thirties and the middle Fifties are great. Of course the problems of the two periods were different in many respects, and one must avoid trying to transplant the atmosphere of one to the other. Still, the fact remains that Eisenhower has provided a favorable climate in which our private enterprise system can flourish. For a variety of reasons the New Deal did not surmount the punitive attitude toward private enterprise in which its reform social and economic measures were conceived.

—*Justus, in* The Minneapolis Star.

"What a Caddy!"

The strongest argument that Mr. Larson advances for continuation of the Eisenhower Administration in power is that its policies are conductive to continuation of peacetime prosperity and restrained but steady economic growth free from the menace of inflation. To Adlai Stevenson's quip that a lot of people have had to be dragged, screaming and kicking, into the twentieth century he replies that others are now having to be dragged, kicking and screaming, out of the 1930s. Whoever the new President is he will have the advantage of beginning on the new economic base (highly favorable, except in the field of agriculture) that the last three years has provided.

IT IS when Mr. Larson lumps these economic achievements together with most other favorable developments of the last three years under the banner of his New Republicanism that his readers will be most inclined to gulp. Actually, the Under Secretary of Labor has not looked at his party. Rather, he has looked at the Eisenhower Administration and at what he hopes the Grand Old Party may become. Many of his ideas are anathema to some Republicans. Mr. Larson recognizes this and attempts to dispose of the problem by labeling all opponents of the Eisenhower way as "the Opposition."

Any realist looking at the political scene will acknowledge that at the moment the Republicans have tied their future inexorably to one man. But it can scarcely be said at this time that he has succeeded in reorienting the Republican Party or in giving it a program that will necessarily carry it into a long period of power. To consolidate his hold upon his party the President will have to win a second term and bring into public favor a successor who could be expected to carry on the Eisenhower tradition. In short, a great deal of political struggle is yet to come before the followers of President Eisenhower will be able to claim for the "New Republicanism" anything like the public acceptance that the New Deal had in its day.

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Behind the Book

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two weeks before the authorized publication date Washington book shops were bootlegging to their customers copies of "Eisenhower: The Inside Story," the book reviewed in the columns below, and as a result the American public began learning some interesting inside stories of the Eisenhower Administration. Most startling of these was the fact that in 1953 President Eisenhower became so disgusted with ultra-conservative elements in the Republican Party that he actually gave serious thought to bolting the party which had elected him and to forming a third party in the manner of Theodore Roosevelt. Another interesting fact disclosed in the book: Civil Service Commissioner Philip Young once jokingly suggested that a few small atomic bombs might be used "to good effect" against supporters of the Eisenhower-opposed Bricker Amendment—a joke which, now that it was in print, impressed many Americans as not so amusing as it was intended to be. In an election year the book also, of course, stirred up its repercussions in partisan politics, being attacked by anti-Eisenhower Republicans and Democrats alike. The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations demanded to know how and why the Administration had singled out author Donovan, who is White House correspondent for the pro-Eisenhower *New York Herald Tribune*, as the man to whom it should open up secret Government files which are closed even to that Senate committee. Said Democratic Senator John L. McClellan, chairman of that committee: "The situation is rather shocking." Said Democratic Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina: "It is strange that the Administration would permit private individuals to peddle its records for personal pecuniary profit." Said another member of the Senate committee, Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose reputation the book does little to enhance: "I'd like to give Eisenhower a chance to deny he authorized the release [of the book's material]." The reason for all this uproar lay clearly in a widely-held belief that the book was intended by the Administration as political propaganda for itself. It seems certain that "Eisenhower: The Inside Story" will be one of the season's best-selling—and most controversial—books.

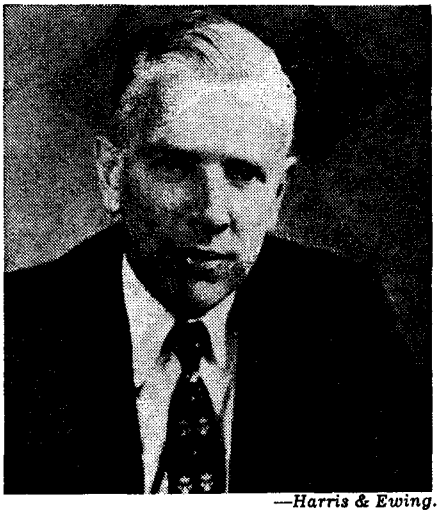
Inside Ike's Sanctum

Eisenhower: The Inside Story," y Robert J. Donovan *(Harper. 423 p. $4.95), is a compendium of hitherto ntold events and incidents about the rst three years of the present Adminis-ation by a* New York Herald Tribune *orrespondent. Our reviewer is Jack teele, Washington correspondent for ie Scripps-Howard newspapers.*

y Jack Steele.

AST January 13, which happened to be a Friday, a dozen Administration leaders gathered at the White House to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower. After dinner the men adjourned to the President's upstairs study to discuss the question of whether he should run again. Present, among others, were Brownell, Humphrey, Dulles, Summerfield, Lodge, Sherman Adams, Hagerty, Len Hall, and the President's younger brother Milton. The meeting had been planned for the previous Tuesday, but was re-scheduled in great secrecy when word leaked out.

One by one the Administration and GOP bigwigs made their pleas to Ike to run for a second term, despite the coronary he had suffered in September. Dulles told him he should run again to use his God-given ability for reconciling differences among men and nations and thus prevent a nuclear war. Lodge told him only the application of this same ability to the nation's domestic affairs could preserve its unparalleled prosperity. Summerfield said the President's job of reforming the Republican Party was still unfinished. Tom Stephens, his puckish former appointments secretary, drew a laugh when he said the President not only should run again but should announce his decision quickly in fairness to "other Presidential candidates, including me." Milton, when all others had spoken, was to sum up their arguments pro and con. Since every word was pro he could only present, somewhat half-heartedly, reasons of his own why Ike should not run. The meeting broke up without the President disclosing his intentions. But some of his guests thought they had made a good impression.



—*Harris & Ewing.*

Robert J. Donovan—"fascination and profit."

This incident, related here in slightly abbreviated form, is from Robert J. Donovan's "Eisenhower: The Inside Story." It is fairly typical of scores of hitherto untold events and incidents about Mr. Eisenhower and his Administration which are sprinkled on almost every page of the book. It is fundamentally a newspaperman's book. Any Washington reporter would be proud—and some might be willing to give their left arms—to have written it. And any reasonably diligent newspaper reader can peruse it with fascination and profit.

Mr. Donovan has been White House correspondent for *The New York Herald Tribune* for some years. As preparation for writing this book he was given access to secret White House records. He also had interviews with many top Administration figures who had been instructed to talk to him more freely and informatively than is their usual custom with reporters. So he got answers to many questions which went unanswered when Mr. Donovan and his colleagues first asked them. And he was able to pin down many rumors which had long been denied or at least unconfirmed. He chose to re-report the top Washington events of the last three years in the light of this new information. The result—with the authoritative touch it gives to almost contemporary history—is highly successful. Some of the new information

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consists only of footnotes which add flavor to this history. But much of it casts important new light on the crises and big decisions made by Ike and his "team."

Mr. Donovan's approach to the Administration is friendly. Considering his sources it inevitably would be. But his book is devoid of both fawning and editorializing. Like the excellent reporter that he is, he lets the facts fall where they may. As a result, political partisans will read into his reporting their own election-year views of the President's successes and shortcomings.

Regardless of his viewpoint every reader will find some new facts or facets to delight his soul. This reviewer's favorite happens to be a remark attributed to the President when some of his aides handed him a statement criticizing Senator Joe McCarthy which they proposed that he read to a press conference. Mr. Eisenhower, according to Mr. Donovan, put on his spectacles, took one look at the statement, and banged it down on his desk. "I will not get in the gutter with that man," Ike said angrily.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT: There has been a good deal of controversy over some of the recommendations made by the so-called Hoover Commission, the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. There is no controversy about the worth of the study itself to anyone who wishes a clear picture of an amazingly complicated and complex organism. For those who haven't the time or the fortitude to read the 600,000 words of the Commission's report to Congress **"The Hoover Report,"** by Neil MacNeil and Harold W. Metz (Macmillan, $6), is a first-rate 100,000-word condensation. The accuracy of the condensation is vouched for by former President Hoover, who provides an introduction. The two authors have lived with the Commission since its inception. Mr. Hoover says these two men "know more about the work of the Commission than any other mortals."

The newspaper reader has had large excerpts served up to him as highlights of the Report were released. But he will find this condensation more than worth while, for no administration and no Congress can move forward in making essential changes without an informed public. This book is a fine contribution to a better knowledge of the problems which a complex democratic society must meet if its government is to function effectively and without wasting the taxpayer's money. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

Harry and Bonaro Overstreet—"happy knack of giving common sense an uncommon touch."

Our Isms and Hostilities

***"The Mind Goes Forth," by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet** (W. W. Norton. 384 pp. $3.95), is an attempt by the authors of "The Mature Mind" and "The Mind Alive" to deal constructively with what they consider the central problem of our time.*

By William S. Lynch

THE unexamined life, as we are told, is a worthless one. Though this remark is centuries old it is hard to recall a period when popular interest was as high as it is today in the search for self-understanding. No best-seller list is complete without a title that promises an answer to the whys and wherefores of behavior. Many of the writers in this field repel the thoughtful by their claims to ways of achieving personal aggrandizement or their platitudinous mouthings.

There are a few, however, who write of human behavior with care, with deep knowledge, and with sincere responsibility. Of these Harry and Bonaro Overstreet are among the best. They have the happy knack of giving common sense an uncommon touch. What they have to say is worth saying, and they say it with clarity. Where so many others fail they succeed in neither talking down to their audiences nor insulting the intelligence of the better informed. Their books have been deservedly best-sellers, and "The Mind Goes Forth"—in the best tradition—should be no exception. Like "The Mature Mind" and "The Mind Alive," this new volume takes philosophy out of the ivory tower and gives it everyday values for the home and market place. It is small wonder that the authors have brought so much to adult education in America.

This time their point of departure is what they feel to be the central problem of our times: "The growth among us of extreme isms and hostilities." They seek to restore "creative confidence" among us and feel that the most appropriate drama in which we humans can engage is that of understanding—of trying to see the other person's point of view. If there is anything more needed in human relationships at this time it is rather difficult to imagine it.

Drawing on the most recent researches in the field of psychology and the sciences they illuminate their points with personal anecdote and literary reference in the delightful manner which has become their trademark. They make us mindful of our strength and weakness as individual personalities in a complicated society

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In a way, I suppose, they are engaged in illustrating a kind of working scientific humanism. They take the pedantry out of psychology and replace it with the tender warmth for which the much-abused word compassion is singularly descriptive. They tell us that we must make "psychic space" for one another—that we must induce a psychic atmosphere in which we neither crowd others nor are crowded ourselves. New meaning is given to the old chestnut "human nature being what it is." They accept what the researchers of psychology and psychiatry have shown: "the simple fact that human nature seems on the whole to prefer the sight of kindness and friendliness to the sight of cruelty." Not only are we our brother's keeper, but we are our brother's maker.

The neurotic problems of our lives rise in large part from our failure to recognize and curb the harsher of our instincts and the crueler of our prejudices. The right to err is human, and the pattern for human relationships and behavior must be set by civility. A truly civil person is at home with the knowledge that life is imperfect, flawed, limited, self-contradictory, raw on the edges, unfulfilled—but "remarkable in fact and possibility." Some of our roles are chosen and many unchosen. True freedom by nature and instinct goes with the disciplined, ordered, responsible life which our maturing selves desire. The world today, with us late and soon, intrudes on our purely personal concerns. The Overstreets lead our minds forth into the public domain of international tensions, atomic fears, prejudices, and partisanship—showing us quietly and convincingly the senselessness of things. Equally unafraid of liberal stereotypes or reactionary arrogance, they point the way to reason and taste. Optimistic as always, they see hundreds of clues to a good life and a good society.

Once again the Overstreets have taken difficult but precious material from the laboratory and from the field, burnished it with discrimination, and placed it before us to enjoy for its full value. With the civility they themselves advocate, they help us to a new and sympathetic knowledge of ourselves and of our fellows.

Two Civilizations, Two Minds

"The Destiny of the Mind: East and West," by William S. Haas *(Macmillan. 327 pp. $6.50), is an attempt to compare the two principal forms of consciousness and to reach a true philosophy of history. Paul Arthur Schilpp of Northwestern University, editor of "The Library of Living Philosophers," reviews it here.*

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

WILLIAM S. HAAS tells us in his posthumous book "The Destiny of the Mind: East and West" that he is trying to present "a philosophy of consciousness—more particularly the interpretation of the two great forms of consciousness, Western and Eastern." At the same time it claims to be a new attempt at a real philosophy of history.

A real philosophy of history, we are told, can be written only by the application of a *formal* criterion which rises "about what it is called to judge." This implies getting at the architectural plan, at what Dr. Haas calls "the structures of civilizations," not their content. From this point of view the author finds that only Eastern and Western civilizations (taken in each case as a whole) qualify as being "the only ones to be clearly distinguished in the past and present of mankind." More than this, he insists that "beside them no others can be imagined."

This is quite a claim and, indeed, a considerable program. It may be admitted, nevertheless, that Dr. Haas manages to make quite a case—if not entirely convincing at the point of his unimaginable claim—at least for his program.

The essential structural principle of Western civilization is said to be "unity in variety, as mirrored in an organism." The Occidental mind, we are informed, is "ever striving to organize according to its own structural law all the provinces of human existence in a logical sequence. . . . The process of this [conceptual] construction is itself the history of the Western mind."

In vivid and insurmountable contrast to this structure of the Occidental mind is that of Eastern civilization, where—in place of the subject-object dichotomizing of the Western mind—the subject finds itself in juxtaposition, not ever to an "object" at all, but to a mere "other," with which "other" the subject finally seeks (and supposedly achieves) absolute identification in pure consciousness.

> The East [Dr. Haas writes] is the virtuoso of the ineffable. The great notions of the Eastern mind anticipate conclusive states of being which obstinately resist the conceptual approach. Those of the Western mind . . . are of a different structure. They are intellectual intuitions which require . . . elaborate explanation and demonstration, and they belong to the same realm of conceptual thought as do all the other creations of the Western mind.

In other words, while the Western mind always and forever must catch everything in concepts the Eastern mind lives, experiences, loses itself in the all of being and becoming, and finally merges (or is it lapses?) into pure consciousness itself. Yet, far from lapsing, this ultimate achievement at which the Oriental mind aims actually is the result of a long, difficult, and laborious process, as the author makes clear in his chapter on "The Yoga Technique." He is, however, interested in the contrasting methods, procedures, and aims of these two great civilizations rather than in any actual achievement(s).

In consequence of the basic differences in structure (as between East and West) Dr. Haas discusses their implications in epistemology, religion, government, myth, language, art, etc. In each of these areas he discovers the same basic structural differences. He concludes:

> What distinguishes Western and Eastern from Near Eastern civilization or from any other is . . . the fact that beyond any substantial qualities West and East alone represent clearly demonstrable forms of consciousness. That of the West has been expressed as unity in variety—that of the East as juxtaposition and identity. [Western and Eastern mind and civilization are, therefore] definitely not compatible and consistent. They constitute two separate forms of consciousness. Though both strive for the consummation of man's destination

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Civilians in War's Way

"I Am Fifteen and I Don't Want to Die," by Christine Arnothy *(translated by Antonio White. Dutton. 124 pp. $2.75), offers the recollections of a Hungarian girl caught between German and Russian fire during the last weeks of the war. Meyer Levin, author of "The Old Bunch" and other books, reviews it below.*

By Meyer Levin

THE scene is the cellar of any good middle-class apartment house in a great city—London, Berlin, Budapest—during bombardment. Specifically it is Budapest, caught between Russian and German fire in the last dreadful weeks of battle, ending when the Russians drove out the Germans.

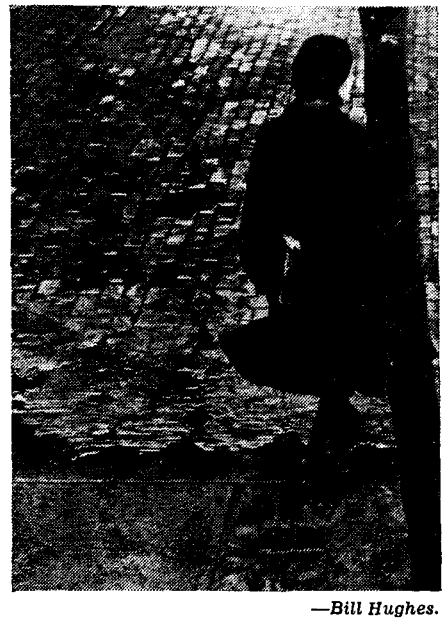
In the cellar the civilians wait out the battle in hunger, thirst, terror. There is the ex-district attorney who keeps indignantly remarking that all this is out of order because his wife is Swiss and their apartment is therefore extraterritorial. There is a young medical student who takes on a doctor's role and there is a banker's widow who wears a bag of diamonds around her neck. There is Ilus, the young mother, deserted, nursing a baby. There is the couple with a secret hoard of food and a supply of wine. There is the Jew with false papers who, perhaps too patly, passes his time reading Heine by the light of a shoe-string wick dipped in grease.

But, if these characters seem to belong to literature, the narrator herself belongs to life. Christine Arnothy at the time of the ghastly siege in the basement was fifteen. Though her book "I Am Fifteen and I Don't Want to Die" is written after a distance of years, from her diaries, it carries a stark immediacy. The very paucity of description of melodramatic events makes one feel these are direct notations.

The events contained war's final moral confrontations, coming with fullest force to a young girl of fifteen. And Christine Arnothy has brought them back with the same purity. Thus, when the Germans are finally abandoning the street, after a direct hit on a munitions train in front of the building, one of their soldiers is abandoned, wounded, at the entrance to the cellar. The inhabitants argue about whether to give him aid.

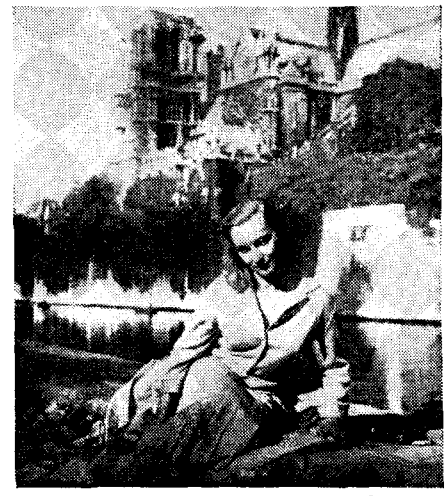
> The soldier had laboriously raised himself on his elbow and kept turning his eyes, dim with weakness and pain, toward the one who was speaking . . . he did not understand a word of Hungarian and fever made the sense of our argument even harder for him to grasp. Nevertheless, he knew we were deciding whether he should live or die.
>
> Suddenly I had the impression that the ruins over our heads had ceased to exist and that, from heaven, God was watching to see how we were going to pass through this ordeal . . . would we consider only a uniform and allow a human life to flow away, drop by drop, under our eyes? I was convinced that God looked on us with pity, and under the weight of His glance, the doctor shook himself abruptly. "I'll go and get some bandages," he said in a hoarse voice.

THERE are numerous examples of the persistence of the compassionate impulse, though the balance over callousness and evil is narrow indeed. Christine's heroic figure of goodness is a stray Hungarian soldier, Pista, who wanders into the cellar. He divides his last bit of bread, a mouthful



—*Bill Hughes.*

Elizabeth Denham—"chatty informality."



—*Michel Brodsky.*

Christine Arnothy—"startling grace."

for each, and constitutes himself the forager and protector of the frightened civilians. For days he roams the ruined city, seemingly impervious to shell-fire. If sulfa is needed for the dying attorney he knows a battered drug-store where some may still be found. He promises even to bring back a sack of flour, but the almost unbearable evocation of baking bread is wrenched with one of war's legendary ironies when the sack turns out to be filled with plaster.

Pista's final expedition is for canned milk for Ilus's baby. He intends, too, to fetch Ilus a longed-for wedding veil from a hat shop with an unexploded bomb in the window. The young doctor goes along to dissect some meat from a dead horse, but he returns with the body of Pista. The soldier's knapsack contains the cans of milk and, beneath, the white veil.

"Then Ilus, holding the veil, approached what had once been Pista and covered him with the filmy, white fabric. Her gesture was simple and motherly, as if she were covering her sleeping child. . . . We all knelt and Eve said a prayer out loud. The veil slowly became saturated with blood; outside, the shrapnel spattered in bursts."

Of all accounts of civilians in war this compacted record contains the essence: the horror, the clinging to life. It is highly cinematic, it is dotted with images of startling grace. All who fear for civilian life in another war—and this means all humanity—can find here the full identity of their terror.

INTREPID LADY: Elizabeth Denham, some of whose wartime experiences are detailed in **"I Looked Right"** (Doubleday, $3.50), describes herself as being "terrified of the dark" as well as afraid of the sea, the sight of blood, her housemaid, and getting her feet wet.

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And, yet, in the years after the fall of France she shuttled between London and Bordeaux with the regularity of a commuter, bringing supplies, money, and explosives to the French underground and smuggling out British airmen who had been shot down. The fact that her French was none too good and her geography uncertain did not seem to handicap the intrepid lady, either, in carrying out her hair-raising assignments as a secret agent. Mrs. Denham writes with chatty informality of her innumerable jaunts to the French coast and of her collusion with some highly individualistic Maquis and with a versatile English colleague named Jonathan. After several years of peregrinating about the French countryside Mrs. Dunham was caught and rescued from detention in a manner that Hollywood might have rejected as too flamboyant. There is a casual, do-it-yourself quality about the author's account of her exploits which is charming but somewhat deficient in relevant detail.

—Martin Levin.

A QUEEN'S LIFE: Shortly over a year ago young King Peter of Yugoslavia published his autobiography and in the course of it accused his Queen—whom he was then suing for divorce—of extravagance and mental inability to face the true duties of royalty, even the slight ones of a queen-in-exile. Almost immediately thereafter the royal couple became reconciled, and now in **"For Love of a King"** (Doubleday, $5) the lovely Alexandra has her say. In most ways it is a more rewarding say than her husband's for where he showed himself to be matter-of-fact and self-centered she reveals a highly sensitive personality which probably would have considerable difficulty in adjusting to any marriage. But in hers Alexandra found a special challenge. She not only had to adjust to a man but to a king who still was capable of saying, "They spent thousands of pounds in making, as it happens, a useless individual out of me. But they succeeded in making me love my work. I want to be a king and I'm fit for nothing else."

In this royal duo it was Alexandra who—she says—was in favor of abandoning such high-flown attitudes and settling down to a life of reality. What makes this fact unusual is that her upbringing was of the sort calculated to make her, if not an extreme neurotic, at least the sort of frivolous girl-wife Peter's autobiography accuses her of being. She grew up fatherless, since five months before she was born her father—during World War I the King of Greece—died tragically from the results of a monkey bite. Brought up in exile with the rest of the Greek royal family, the child Alexandra had one burning desire: for a home. Her mother persisted not only on sending the girl to boarding school but on living in luxury hotels, so that years later Alexandra, about to give birth to Peter's child, insisted that the accouchement take place in a suite at Claridge's. It was more like a home to her than anywhere else.

What makes Alexandra's book rewarding reading—and raises it above the level of Peter's—is the comprehension she appears to have achieved concerning his unique problem and hers.

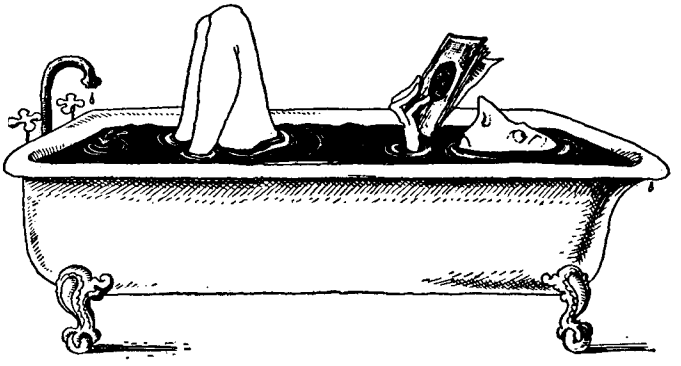
—Allen Churchill.

ACTRESS OFF STAGE: During the last twenty years our attitude toward the Victorians has conspicuously mellowed. Even their sins and their pleasures have returned to fashion through the current nostalgia for the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec. Helena Modjeska (1844-1909) ranked high in this demi-monde of the theatre and the boudoir, but Antoni Gronowicz in his fictionalized biography **"Modjeska"** (Thomas Yoseloff, $5) has failed to do her justice.

His failure, both on the grounds of style and approach, is the more regrettable because of the genuine interest of his subject. Modjeska, Polish by birth but during her later years a Californian by adoption, made an international reputation on the stages of Poland, Germany, France, England, and the United States. Bernhardt acknowledged her, as much as it was possible for the divine Sarah to do so, her only rival. Modjeska's career as an actress merits our attention, but Mr. Gronowicz chooses to spend too many pages on her "life and loves." The brutal truth of the matter is that off stage, like so many other actresses, she was a person of little interest. In accenting her amorous adventures and misadventures the author has failed signally to recreate for us the theatrical atmosphere of the period or her contribution to the stage. Though Modjeska came into contact with Edwin Booth, Ada Rehan, Sarah Bernhardt, the Maurice Barrymores, they pass through this book like a procession of ghosts.

Mr. Gronowicz fails as well on stylistic grounds. Throughout the reader is confronted with long arid stretches of cliches broken only by the lush vegetation of purple patches. One can readily enough sympathize with the stylistic problems of describing, for example, a soiree at which Bernhardt and Modjeska in a trial of skill each played a scene from "Camille" in the nude. But the style throughout is consistently one of trite and vulgar journalism. By contrast, Modjeska's own notes, made during a tour with Edwin Booth in 1889-1890, have a refreshing directness and simplicity to them, and it is this brief diary which constitutes the chief merit of the book.

—William Appleton.



CAPERS WITH CAMPBELL: The submerged and oblivious fellow in the drawing above is actually, if he is to be believed, a reasonable facsimile of *Punch*-writer Patrick Campbell, who in a newly published collection of his essays entitled **"A Short Trot With a Cultured Mind"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) tells of the harrowing experience which befell him shortly after the moment portrayed in the drawing. Discovering that he had brought no towel along with him Campbell, then somewhat younger than he is now, hopped wet-footed and bare-backed down the hall to the linen closet, only to find the parlormaid inside, to the mutual embarrassment of both. The result is amusingly chronicled in a piece entitled "Tooking for a Lowel" (which is what Mr. Campbell says he then said to cover his confusion), one of thirty-nine such featherweight reminiscences and inconsequential essays (including one that conclusively proves that Brunnhilde was really Wotan's uncle) which form a volume of readable but very British humor.

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How to Get to Mars and Back

"The Exploration of Mars," by Willy Ley and Werner von Braun *(Viking Press. 176 pp. $4.95), discusses the optical exploration of Mars and what will be necessary for humans to visit it in person. Our reviewer is Robert H. Baker, author of "The Universe Unfolding" and other books.*

By Robert H. Baker

MANY observers of Mars have reported a network of fine dark "canals" on the planet's surface, and have made drawings to show its appearance. Many other observers, sometimes with our largest telescopes, have been unable to see the network at all and have been inclined to regard it as illusory. If the network is really present the opportunity to photograph it has never been better than it will be with our increased optical power and improved technique when Mars comes unusually near us in the late summer of this year. The closest approach to the earth will occur on September 7 when this planet, then only thirty-five million miles away, will glow in the south like a brilliant red star.

Willy Ley's and Werner von Braun's book "The Exploration of Mars" is timely because of the coming favorable opposition of Mars. It also has special interest now when preparations are being made for the launching of temporary artificial satellites of the earth. Some people believe that this project may be the forerunner of more extensive adventures in and around the Solar System.

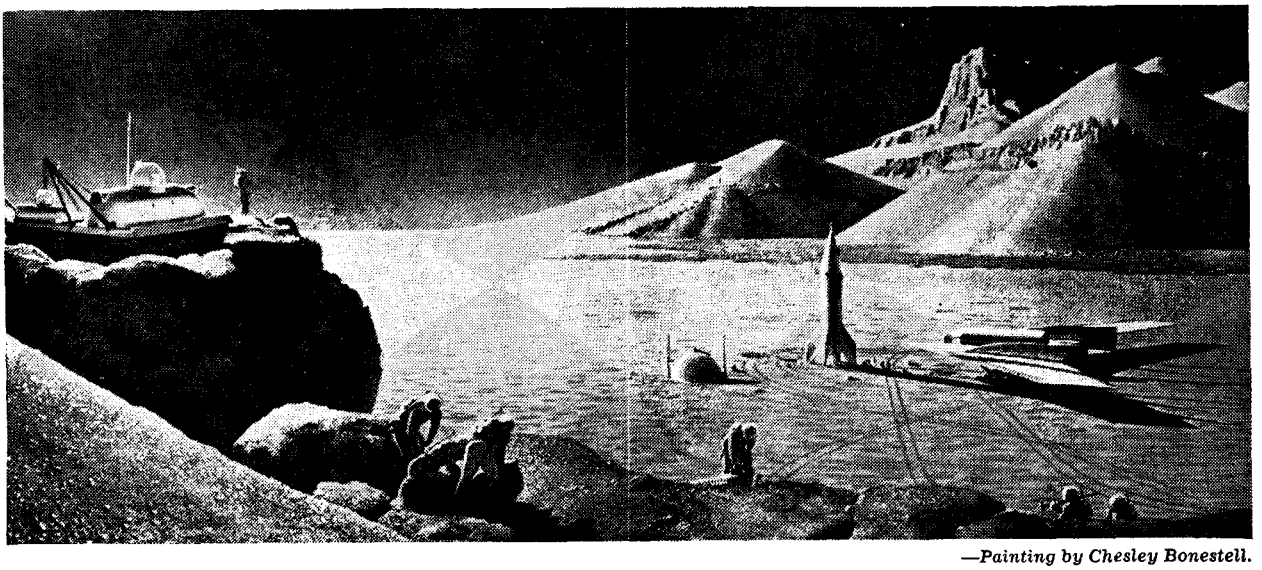
This book is in the style of two previous ones to which the same authors have contributed. "Across the Space Frontier" (1952) presented the concept of three-stage rocket ships capable of carrying men and cargoes aloft to assemble a space station moving in a permanent orbit around the earth. "Conquest of the Moon" (1953) described as a feasible undertaking an expedition to the moon launched from that station. The third book goes on to the proposal of a similar expedition to Mars. This book, like the others, is illustrated with pleasing paintings by Chesley Bonestell.

The first half of this book, the work of Mr. Ley, is concerned with the optical exploration of Mars. It relates how observers from earlier times to the present have examined the planet with telescopes of increasing power and have tried to picture what they saw. They have observed white caps around the poles of Mars, which grow and shrink with the seasons. They have observed dark areas in contrast with the red deserts, areas which seem to turn green in the Martian spring and revert to brown with the approach of winter. The "canal men" have added their dark network to the scene. A chapter on "Opinions, Hypotheses, and Theories" brings out the diversity of views concerning the larger and finer markings and the presence of life of some kind on the planet.

The final sentence of this chapter is appropriate in the context. It is: "Because we, the *genus homo* of the earth, will set foot on Mars within a matter of decades." Perhaps so. Technology is indeed advancing in a remarkable way. Yet this genus is still the original model produced in the Garden of Eden; it is designed to dwell, like fishes in a pond, in the shallow atmosphere around the earth. Some of us may prefer the more conservative remark of Heinz Haber in his informative article on the space satellites in the April issue of *The National Geographic Magazine*. He belongs to the guild of space medicine which strives to keep space flight down to earth. Haber says: "But no one is equipped to tell us at this time when man himself will venture into space." There is caution and not defeatism in his statement.

IN THE second half of the book the reader is in the hands of Mr. von Braun, an engineer who is thoroughly conversant with his problem and who proposes to solve it with the tools that are now available. Many new scientific discoveries will be made before the time is ripe for a voyage to Mars, he reminds us. But only by using our present knowledge and by avoiding any speculation about future discoveries can we bring proof that this fabulous venture is feasible. On this realistic basis he presents a dispassionate and at the same time exciting account of the proposed voyage.

The expedition to Mars launched



—Painting by Chesley Bonestell.

Explorers setting out from a ground station on Mars to investigate vicinity—"*genus homo* will set foot on Mars within decades."

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from the space station near the earth will not proceed to its destination as the crow flies, on a course line thirty-five million miles long if the planet is then at its nearest. The mileage will be 735 million miles, and the duration of the trip, one way, will be a little more than eight months. The final chapter of the book is a log of a trip to Mars and, happily, of the return trip to the earth.

THE FACE OF THE MOON affords unlimited opportunity to zealous explorers. Everyone who has viewed the moon with a telescope can understand the fascination it must have for those who persistently study its varied scenery. In a new book, **"The Moon"** (Macmillan, $12), H. P. Wilkins and Patrick Moore, respectively director and secretary of the lunar section of the British Astronomical Association, a large and active group of amateurs, provide a 300-inch map of the moon, said to be the largest and most detailed yet compiled, and an authoritative and very readable account of the chief features of the moon's surface—its "seas," mountain ranges, walled plains, ringed plains, craters, craterlets, ridges, rills, and rays. The authors regard these as of igneous origin and are inclined to discredit an alternate idea that the formations may have been promoted mainly by impacts of meteorites. They go along with the traditional view of lunar observers that some changes are still occurring in the moonscape. Although the moon is considered a dead world where practically nothing happens they seem to have detected some smoothing of certain minor features. —R. H. B.

A BILLION YEARS OF PLANT LIFE: Despite its title Richard Carrington's book **"The Story of Our Earth"** (Harper, $3) is not a story of our earth, nor does it live up to its English title of "A Guide to Earth History." It is a short account of plant and animal life since roughly 1,000,000,000 B.C., prefaced by twenty-nine pages dealing with the origin, structure, and probable evolution of our planet. This introduction is supplemented by brief summaries of paleogeography scattered through the rest of the book.

That rest—198 pages and most of the bibliography—is devoted to ancient organisms, from the simplest algae to man. Here Mr. Carrington follows the time-honored chronologic method and adheres to well-established facts. The result is an orderly and reliable story that contains a great deal of worthwhile information uncluttered by speculation and unmarred by sensationalism. Unfortunately, chronologic treatment also avoids principles and relationships which would have helped readers to understand fossils as once-living things. There also is little about collecting, though Mr. Carrington does pay appropriate honor to Mary Anning, who hunted fossils in southwestern England almost 150 years ago. Mary sold her finds to buy clothing and food, a procedure now frowned upon by academic paleontologists. Still, the twelve-year-old girl discovered the first ichthyosaur, or "fish lizard," and later found a well-preserved pterosaur. It enabled the learned Sir Richard Owen to add much to the sketchy original description published by Baron Cuvier.

Since man is incurably self-centered, most readers will give special attention to four chapters that place *Homo* among other mammals and report his development. They are modern and reliable, and—like the rest of the book—avoid sensationalism.

It is unfortunate that Carrington's illustrations do not measure up to his text. Most British books about fossils contain inferior restorations, but these are far below the depressing average. A few line-cuts are acceptable but most of the text figures and plates are crudely inaccurate. At their best they suggest the straw-stuffed skins that once filled the windows of village taxidermists; at their worst they cannot be described. Granting that they had been published in England, why did an American publisher foist them on a public that knows the work of Christman, Horsfall, and Charles R. Knight?

—CARROLL LANE FENTON.

NATURAL SCIENCE, A QUICK LOOK: André Senet's **"Man in Search of His Ancestors"** (translated by Malcolm Barner. McGraw-Hill, $5.50) is almost a pocket encyclopedia of natural science: 133 pages of prehistoric archeology and human paleontology, seventy-two pages of vertebrate paleontology, forty-eight pages of invertebrate paleontology, seven pages of philosophical epilogue. About half the text is taken up with the biographies of great scientists, including Buffon, Cuvier, Darwin, Owen, Lamarck, Boucher de Perthes, Eugene Dubois, and the Abbé Breuil. Great finds in paleontology and archeology are introduced by the narrative technique, and descriptions and interpretations are painlessly injected into the narrative stream, after the profitable fashion of C. W. Ceram in "Gods, Graves, and Scholars." Nowhere does M. Senet employ jargon. The book is very readable and should be useful to college students boning up for their paleontological examinations, while many other general readers will enjoy it.

For archeological students contemplating this facile short cut a word of caution is necessary. M. Senet seems less at home here than in paleontology and makes a number of unfortunate slips. Some of the trouble seems due to the translation from the French and some of it is inherited from the late and very great French paleontologist Père Teilhard de Chardin, S. J., some of whose philosophy he quotes to unfortunate effect. Despite its nobility and imaginative quality Teilhard's final philosophy is not what most of us who knew and loved him will remember him for. Had M. Senet limited his field to the narration of great discoveries and to the biographies of great scientists, including Teilhard's, his book would have been well worth the price. His eyes were a little too big for his stomach. —CARLETON S. COON.

By Auto & Camera in Navajo Country

By Edwin Honig

THE cliffs parade,
and all sphinx-headed hills so strange
to swiftness
fade by us if we pass,
eyes clicking, lashing them
to mind—the bundled time-box
huddled back of auto glass.

But if, at last,
wind humming, sun stills us to
a pass
till we stop dead—then crash!
and we are hurled, split minutes,
back at cliffs that glare
and glimmer, blind as any past.

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The Maidens Come Home

Editor's Note: *Last week Mayor Tadao Watanabe, of Hiroshima, sent a letter to* SR *describing the arrival of the Maidens. We are eager to share it with our readers.*

DEAR SIR:

As I cabled you late yesterday afternoon, the nine young ladies led by Dr. Takahashi, who carried the ashes of Tomoko, arrived safely at Iwakuni at 3 p.m. JST, and by 6:30 p.m. they were back at their respective homes, quite exhausted, I am afraid, with the tremendous impact of the welcoming crowd and particularly the press, but also, I am sure, completely relaxed among their family members and near of kin.

June 17, Sunday, dawned with heavy rain. Contact with Iwakuni Airport at 11 a.m. confirmed the scheduled arrival of the Maidens at 3 p.m. Four large buses were already parked beside the City Hall waiting for the parents, who started assembling around 11:30 a.m. To avoid possible confusion at the airport, the parents were requested to observe certain instructions given by Mr. Yoshida, Chief of Social Welfare Section. Father Lasalle, of the Catholic Peace Memorial Church, Dr. Harada, Dr. Ouchi, and Rev. Tanimoto joined the party, followed by Dr. Matsuzaka, Vice Chairman of the A-Bomb Patients Treatment Council of Hiroshima, and also by Mr. Hamai, former mayor. At 12:45 p.m. the official reception party of about 150 left the City Hall for Iwakuni on eight cars and buses.

Fortunately, the rain had stopped by the time the reception party arrived at Iwakuni a few minutes past 2 p.m. The Navy Air Force authorities had advised us to be there earlier than the scheduled time because, they said, the Air Force's C-54 was a very fast plane. At 2:15 the party parked before the civilian air transport office where the plane was to land and where we found many people, including a host of reporters and cameramen, already waiting for the arrival of the Maidens. The Commander-in-Chief of the Navy Air Force Station of Iwakuni, Capt. W. E. Premo, who was kind enough to give us every cooperation in using the Base, came out to meet us.

The huge four-engined C-54 finally rode in slowly at 3:03, to be exact, and at 3:10 the Maidens led by Dr. Takahashi, who carried the ashes of Tomoko, started to step down from the plane. There was such a rush of the reporters and cameramen that it took some time before we could line up as planned to perform the brief receiving ceremonies. First of all, Dr. Takahashi, apparently under heavy mental strain, announced with the typical laconic Japanese expression: "We have now returned." Atsuko Yamamoto spoke next, on behalf of the returning Maidens, thanking the reception party and others who had come to meet them. I, as Mayor and Chairman of A-Bomb Patients Treatment Council of Hiroshima, made a short address, which was repeated in English. Dr. Takahashi then proceeded to deliver the ashes of Tomoko to me, and I in turn placed them in the hands of Mr. Takeshi Nakabayashi. Then Father Lasalle offered a solemn prayer for five minutes. The parents had to wait for some time before they could embrace their daughters.

It was at 4 p.m. that the whole group left Iwakuni for Hiroshima. I took special care to see that during the press conference the Nakabayashis [parents of Tomoko Nakabayashi, who died in New York] could have a room of their own, and on our way to and from Iwakuni we gave them a separate car. Along the streets of Iwakuni I noted people who had heard about the Maidens waiting for our cars to pass.

Our group arrived at Hiroshima at 5:15 p.m. and we proceeded straight to the Memorial Cenotaph, where again we found a big crowd waiting, among which I saw our City Council Chairman, Mr. Shibata. Here again we were attacked by the on-rush of the unrelenting reporters and cameramen and it was with some difficulty that Atsuko Yamamoto [one of the returning maidens] could step forward to place a wreath before the Cenotaph. After we offered a silent prayer I bid them farewell, wishing the Maidens a very pleasant evening with their families after a year's separation, and I sent Mr. Mukai, our Social Welfare Department Chief, to accompany the Nakabayashis to their home.

It was my impression that the girls looked far better in every way than they did a year ago. As they stepped down from the plane I immediately noticed that they no longer felt embarrassed to meet the people. The consensus of the parents was that their daughters came back even better than they had expected.

It was hard to see Mr. Nakabayashi silently carrying home the ashes of his late daughter contained in a small wooden box wrapped in white. Knowing the family since Tomoko's death, I have found that they are a quiet, modest, and very intelligent family full of understanding. Mr. Nakabayashi told us that it had been against his feeling to go to Iwakuni with the rest of the families because he did not want to cast gloom on the other returning Maidens and their families, but that as father to Tomoko he felt that he should join us to personally receive the ashes. Fortunately, everybody acted prudently and there was no awkward situation in the whole affair.

Let me again assure you that nothing can ever bring collapse to this project, and nothing can deprive of it the vast spiritual importance that no one with an honest heart could ever fail to see.

Yours very truly,
Tadao Watanabe,
Mayor, Hiroshima.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY NATURALISM?

In "Sexual Behavior in the American movie" (*SR* June 23) Hollis Alpert asks for fewer sexual taboos in movie-making. But the trouble with a film like "Summertime," one of his examples, is not its reticence about adultery. Rather, the artistic knot is the assumption that a guileless, inexperienced schoolteacher can sojourn in Venice, implicate herself with an Italian charmer, and then—happily and mindlessly—return home without traces of the post-romantic trauma which really would occur.

It's not the cutting out of physical love-scenes that hurts so many Hollywood movies, but the fact the movie-makers have failed to present penetrating studies of character and conscience. Just to restore to the industry life's "possibilities," frankly recording the dull sexual transgressions of the average man, would enrol Hollywood in a worse esthetic school than it now is in: naturalism.

J. R. Catinella.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

SR's A CENSOR

Alpert's implication that the Legion of Decency's "A-1" rating is given only to trivia is not only unfair, but untrue. Actually the Legion reviews and rates movies on their moral content. It doesn't mean to review the literary or other aspects of pictures. Now *SR* is in the business of reviewing everything from books to human history. Is it wrong to judge a work on its attitude toward good and evil? The Legion of Decency is not only free to do this, but obliged to. You may want to criticize its reviews, but then you should not do so on rhetorical grounds. And, of course, any critical review like *SR* is a sort of "censor" too, since its job is to encourage the literate to censor the illiterate.

Rev. John P. Hanley,
St. Joseph's Rectory.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

WHOSE CODE DO WE WANT?

Alpert has had his say and it amounts to no more than this: 1. sin does not offend God, and 2. man is more important than his Creator and should follow a moral code dictated by his own caprice. Anyone who calls that freedom is a creep.

Finley Burke.

New York City, N. Y.

SEX OR LOVE?

Sex is no more the "reason and root of Society" than is the desire for beer. The two driving forces of man are: 1. self-preservation, and 2. propagation of the species. That is why God created us male and female. I am not splitting semantic hairs, for though sex is primarily for propagation its second purpose is Love. It is, or should be, the physical expression of an intellectual and spiritual power: Love. Only the mind and spirit can love, the body but feels. The "reason and root of Society" is Love. A man and woman climbing into bed may be more interesting, because it is animal and uncomplicated, but it's not necessarily the most realistic way of dealing with human beings.

Roberta Saunders.

Baltimore, Md.

Editor's Note: *Mr. Alpert says it is just his point that it is difficult for Hollywood to express the wonder and force of Love when there exist a million rules and conventions preventing movie-makers from showing how real people really behave.*

"Well, you certainly made a fool of yourself—I can only hope that no one at the party realized you were sober!"

PHOTOS VS. TEXT

In the "Year's Religious Book Survey" (*SR* Mar. 3) Harold U. Ribalow made some statements on text-and-photograph books in his review of "The Synagogue and Its People" that need discussion. Ribalow says that "a picture-and-text book, unless the photographs are of historic or artistic merit, is seldom worth the effort." Why? Certainly a book dealing with the synagogue is meant to appeal first to the mind. But does not the text-and-photograph treatment achieve greater impact on the mind? Of course, churches and synagogues are sensitive places to photograph, and a scrupulous author must extend his conscientious treatment to the photographs as well as to the text. An informative book has, of necessity, to contain informative photos, whether the photographs are called "smug public-relations photographs," as Ribalow chose to label them, or whether they are called salon pictures, human interest photographs, or whatever. Ideal photographs for a storytelling book make the grade through representational and functional qualities, expressing ideas articulately and to the point. They must preeminently support and advance the theme of the book.

The question Ribalow has raised boils down to the problem of how much information is afforded by camera pictures and to what extent the text enlarges upon the subject, making the book a fuller and better one. Very few will agree that the documentary photo has no place at all.

Desider Holisher.

New York, N. Y.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES NO INNOVATION

In "How good is your library" (*SR* June 16) Lowell Martin makes the statement that "America invented the public library." Actually a diocesan council held in 1212 enjoined the clergy of Paris to lend such books as they might possess to those who would make good use of them. Indeed, the council declared that the lending of books was one of the works of mercy, and most of the cathedrals and abbeys around Paris had maintained considerable libraries even before this time.

Anne K. Sweeney.

Washington, D. C.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Houseman on the Housatonic

STRATFORD, CONN.

ONE advantage of a bad beginning is that whatever improvement occurs in a second attempt is the more readily noticeable. But in its second season the American Shakespeare Festival exhibits more than nominal gains over its disastrous inaugural performances of last summer. Director John Houseman has wisely and courageously chosen to present **"Measure for Measure"** and **"King John,"** which are rarely performed in this country. By introducing us to fresh material he partially compensates for the deficiency in performance that is bound to plague a company which hasn't worked together in classic plays long enough to develop unity, or which contains no actors who have yet reached the magnitude of an Olivier or a Gielgud.

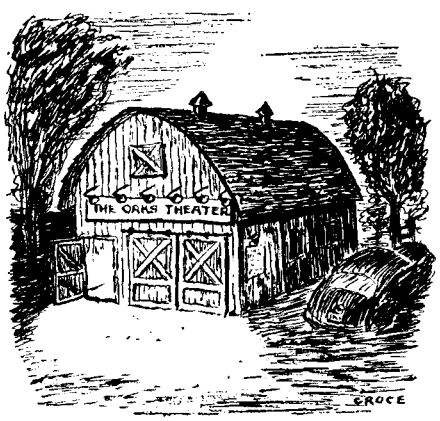
Furthermore, Mr. Houseman has with the help of designer Rouben Ter-Arutunian realistically tackled the problem of doing plays on a stage so vast that it cannot be filled by anything less than a spectacular opera. They have cut down the performing area's width by building a tilted platform that only uses the stage's middle two thirds. They have extended the forestage out into the audience and poured the action down front where it is most effective. And they have fenced off the dissipating recesses of the rear-stage area with a dramatic arrangement of movable gray shutter strips that tower above and behind the actors.

Surprisingly enough, this new arrangement works best with the comedy "Measure for Measure," which co-directors Houseman and Jack Landau have moved forward from Renaissance Austria, or an Elizabethan version of it, to nineteenth-century Vienna. The gaiety of the city is indicated with strings of paper lanterns, and the gray slats move magically in and out, up and down, open and shut to achieve a variety of backgrounds.

In their conception of "Measure for Measure" the directors have also been "absolute for comedy," and have not worried about the profounder significance that attaches to this subtle study of degrees of human corruption. Thus, the duke as played with Mack Sennett merriment by Arnold Moss becomes a practical joker off on a spree. Kent Smith's Angelo appears a cowardly Puritan whose repressed existence is suddenly complicated by romantic whim. And Nina Foch's Isabella seems a naive young goody-goody who learns very quickly to jump from saintly virtue into blackmail and perjury. (Isabella's marvelous plea that ends "O think on that! And mercy then will breathe within your lips, like man new made," has been cut from this production.) Of all the central characters only Donald Harron's Claudio has more underneath than appears on the surface and yet this does not prevent him from getting a solid laugh as he commends his sister for esteeming her chastity above the saving of his life.

Whatever misgivings one may have about jettisoning the serious part it has resulted in making the play's comic figures shine like characters new made. Norman Lloyd tiptoeing about in spats, white gloves, and derby hat has a highly contagious good time in the role of the slanderous Lucio. There are other nice touches such as the bit of pantomime where Morris Carnovsky as the provost steps elatedly across the stage with a hat-box containing a human head. As he looks at the Duke with a warm smile of complicity and simultaneously points with anticipation at the box, the audience revels too in a split-second of glorious comedy. Good theatre too is the byplay between the Duke and the confidently interrupting Lucio at the play's final trial. And best of all is the crowd's mock sigh in response to Isabella's accusation that Angelo had used her body for his "concupiscible intemperate lust." This only kids the hyperbole but spoofs her character in such a way as to illuminate the play's notion that Isabella is just as bad in her way as Angelo is in his.

Music helps too. David Colson's boyish singing of Mariana's song is contemporary proof of the theory that child actors were immense assets in the Elizabethan theatre. In a different vein, Virgil Thomson's atmospheric music seems to breed a whole society of trollops and pimps, with "Mack the Knife" expected any minute. For this "Measure for Measure" is a gay and carefree tour of the play's picaresque underworld. As in Tyrone Guthrie's successful new approach to "The Merchant of Venice" in Ontario last summer, it hints that Shakespeare's comedies may occasionally benefit from being played as *comedies*.



THE Festival's "King John," on the other hand, suggests that Shakespeare's chronicle plays do not benefit from being played as chronicles. With costumes so physically encumbering as to weigh the actors down, and with some important cast members also weighed down by an older style of acting to begin with, this production is in large part a series of static tableaux in which the actors resemble china figurines on a shelf for bric-a-brac. John Emery's hammy performance in the title role should convince the Festival for good and all that it should not mix actors addicted to bygone styles with the fine young actors they are finding in off-Broadway theatre. Compare the strained roaring sequences in which King John and the King of France snarl insults at each other like two phony wrestlers going into their act with some of the production's short but promising touches. For instance, as a peacemaking citizen Earle Hyman's hymn to Hymen ("O two silver currents when they join do glorify the banks that bound them in") is a moment of brilliant sun breaking through the clouds. Donald Harron's Dauphin is also filled with life as is Pernell Roberts's angry Earl of Pembroke. Although it is much too muted, Mildred Dunnock's Constance is a deeply felt performance that has moments of liquid beauty.

But these treasures do not bring the troublesome play together. Directors Houseman and Landau obviously cherish the ironies Shakespeare wrote into "King John," but cannot make them dance rather than dress parade on the stage. Perhaps this fascinating play, which sketches every aspect of the problem of surviving in a deceitful world, could best be done as a film where more subtlety and fluidity are possible. Yet this current performance has just enough breath in it to indicate that the Festival might do it, too, if it will go all out on the policy of employing young actors (even in older roles) and forming audacious conceptions that at the very least may forestall traditional and dull performance.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

WITH the growing trend toward highly realistic dramas based upon the lives of well-known or merely notorious personalities I have found increasingly ambiguous that legalistic admonition tucked into the titles of every picture: "The events, characters, and firms depicted in this photoplay are fictitious. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental." It was distinctly reassuring, therefore, to note in the introduction to **"Somebody Up There Likes Me,"** the film version of Rocky Graziano's life story, that M-G-M had amended the classic formulation to read, *"Certain* events, characters, etc. . . ." I was pleased to know that after a long series of films on such fictitious characters as Eddy Duchin, Benny Goodman, and Lillian Roth there was a strong possibility that the real Rocky Graziano existed.

Graziano's fabulous story makes some assurance of this kind almost necessary. Brought up in brutalizing poverty, in and out of jail throughout his adolescence, he entered his twenties a hoodlum *par excellence* and highly eligible for a career of lurid crime. Instead, during a hitch at Leavenworth for socking an Army officer, Graziano began to learn how to box and before long was able to make a decent living as a professional middleweight. There are complications in his story—the tensions of his young wife each time he fights, a gangland attempt to make him throw a bout, his suspension by the New York Boxing Commission, his bloody and unanticipated triumph over Zale at Chicago. But these are simply the dramatic highlights that a screenwriter uses to build a film upon. Underlining them, underlying the entire picture, is a splendid awareness of what makes a juvenile delinquent. Of course, not every young tough can be turned into a champion, but Ernest Lehman's excellent script makes it amply clear that incarceration and punishment accomplish nothing.

Lehman's work is especially effective because it makes its points without preaching—and because his points give a purpose to the picture beyond the representation of a grim, even sordid success story. Graziano himself has in recent years been active in the campaign to combat juvenile delinquency; and while this film, mercifully, stops short of that point it can only help in the fight. Paul Newman makes a convincing, somewhat Brando-esque, young pug; Pier Angeli is appealing as his wife and Eileen Heckart superb as his long-suffering mother. All are helped by dialogue that conveys a sense of normal, nontheatrical speech.

* * *

The Japanese have sent a new color picture that will come as something of a surprise to those Americans who have been keeping an eye on that nation's film activities. **"Phantom Horse"** (Harrison) is a contemporary story about children and horse-racing, photographed for the most part in the handsome highlands of northern Japan. Its wintry landscapes, lovely seascapes, and soft, gray-green glimpses of Tokyo's racetrack reveal that the Japanese photographers are as adept at making something beautiful out of everyday reality as from careful reconstructions of past glories. The plot, on the other hand, is one that we have seen dozens of times on the American screen—the story of the little boy who raises a colt from birth, his pangs on losing him to a racing stable, and the joyful reunion when he helps the horse to win the big race. The telling is rather American, too, including a young man from the city who makes eyes at the boy's older sister and the inevitable death of the gallant nag. But the racing scenes are excitingly done. Best of all, it is a film for children that—unlike, say, the Disney children's films—is totally free of violence and brutality. The Japanese emerge as gentle, thoroughly nice people.

* * *

In **"Secrets of the Reef"** (Butterfield-Wolff), photographed over a period of three years in the tanks of Marineland, Fla., the camera presents seventy-two minutes of wonderful views of life beneath the sea. I am aware that this sort of thing is generally considered "educational"; but while I am not certain of the precise educational value of seeing an octopus lay its eggs, a sea horse spawn its iridescent young, or a gorgeous, pastel-hued Portuguese man-of-war snag a bite of dinner, the shots themselves exert a powerful fascination. Made under relatively controlled conditions, its color photography is often breathtaking, its narration generally informative and to the point.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Here's Aunt Jenny in Your Eye

MONDAYS through Fridays during a recent fortnight 4,239,000 American housewives listened to "Aunt Jenny" from 2:45 to 3 p.m. David Karp, who wrote the episodes of the two-week story which absorbed their attention, was hard at work at the same time on a serious novel. It will be a fabulous success, of course, if it sells 100,000 copies.

Karp has already been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for a previous novel; the Guggenheim grants seek to "promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, and the understanding and appreciation of beauty . . . and to add to the educational, literary, and artistic powers of this country. . . ." The author's "Aunt Jenny" episodes promoted the melodrama of "Sue Carter, a young secretary who met and fell in love with Joe Thornton, not knowing that he was a criminal; Sue then met Gary Maxwell, a young reporter from *The Clarion* who fell in love with Sue, etc., etc. . . ."

In Karp's opinion American radio and TV comprise one vast commercial, dedicated to communicating neither knowledge, beauty, nor artistic power. Its listening housewives with hot irons in their hands (making it hard for them to watch daytime TV) are predominantly a non-bookreading group. Many of them might continue to listen (in the author's opinion) if by some alchemy of sponsorship "Aunt Jenny" were to be transformed into his upcoming, serious novel. Many more, on the other hand, he is convinced, would be outraged and depressed by its "complexities." Daytime serial listeners want to identify themselves only with romantic heroines. They don't mind dying—if death comes in a Brazilian jungle. It had better not come—on the air—from old age. This terrifies them, says Mr. Karp. Once, in his earlier serial-writing days, the novelist ventured "an honest treatment of old age." The producers frowned; they asked him to make a comedy of it. He was glad to oblige. In those days he wanted recognition as a professional writer; and after lean years he sold his first soap-opera to "Aunt Jenny" for $600. Mr. Karp describes himself as a child of the Depression, impressed with the merits of money. He writes serials happily. A good soap-opera author, working one week in each month, can make $20,000 a year.

His literary conscience and his sense of craft suffer no damage, Karp insists. In fact, he recommends radio-serial writing to all young writers with serious literary ambitions. Abjure TV, he counsels. The work is too demanding. TV is a jealous prostitute; she leaves no time for writing to the heart's desire.

KARP writes his share of the "Aunt Jenny" soaps in one week. The other three weeks in each month he is free to write what he wants. If pressed for time he can produce five quarter-hour shows in one day. Writing soaps is actually helpful to a would-be serious author, states Mr. Karp. "Soaps give you an ear for the artistic approximation of natural speech. Soaps teach you not to daydream. You are forced to produce on schedule; this overcomes the writer's chief sin—procrastination. Soaps teach you what not to write. What's bad in soaps is bad, too, in serious writing. A scene of direct action is always better than a scene of narrated action."

New writers would do better to write soaps, says the writer for "Aunt Jenny," than to enter upon academic careers in the belief that they can teach for a living and write seriously during summer vacations. "Teaching pays so poorly that the treasured summers are usually spent earning extra money at odd jobs—all non-creative." Mr. Karp's admonitions are far from academic considering the current state of soaps. People still listen to the radio. Daytime serials, it appears, are reviving. CBS Radio boasts a solid block of twelve serials between noon and 3 p.m. each weekday. Pocket-size transistor radios (which require no plug in) are being produced by major set manufacturers at the rate of $2,000,000-worth a month. The soap psychologists meanwhile assert that daytime serials are "especially attractive to women listeners because they make sharp definitions of right and wrong. In our complex, highly competitive world people live under pressures that tend to blur distinctions between ethical and unethical, moral and immoral conduct. Women like the reassurance they get about the classic standards of morals and ethics because women feel more insecure than men about most things."

So the double life of David Karp, author, goes on. The losers, Mr. Guggenheim, are the "educational, literary, and artistic powers of this country."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Day on Bounty Bay

PAPEETE, TAHITI.

ON A day that was brilliant in its beauty, with the sun almost directly overhead making silver puddles of the South Pacific as it washed against the black sand beach, I sat in the guest house of James Norman Hall and talked with his widow. She is a handsome, graying grandmother who speaks in an accent that is neither French nor Polynesian, and when talking of him she lapses now and then into the present tense.

"My goo'ness," she says, "he taught Rickenbacker how to fly. He was walkin' 'roun Paris after the war and they ask him to write a history of the Lafayette Escadrille with Mist' Nordhoff. My husband look at this man and say, 'I don' think I'll ever get along with him'."

After the war Hall came to Tahiti, made some trips with Joseph Winchester, a sea captain from Liverpool. Said Winchester to Hall, "I wish I had a grown-up daughter. I'd like you to be my son-in-law." Back home in Tahiti Winchester introduced Hall to his daughter, Lala. He married her in 1925 when she was sixteen.

Lala spoke Tahitian and French. She was one-eighth Tahitian. Her great-grandmother, who was pure Polynesian, had fallen in love with an American seafarer named Richmond from Boston, and wanted to marry him. The king and queen of Tahiti decreed that it was all right to live with this sailor, but it wasn't proper to marry him. Great-grandmother insisted and the king and queen not only acquiesced, but came to the wedding. South Sea-islanders get a name when they marry. The king called great-grandmother Huri Mana—You Who Changed the Law.

Even after Lala followed suit and married an American, too, she never learned English. "When you're in love you don't need a language. But when I see my husban' gettin' famous I said, 'Hey, I better learn English'."

Fame came with the *Bounty*. Hall in his walks around Paris had picked up an account of the ship's mutiny written in 1831. Mrs. Hall showed me the book: "The Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H.M.S. *Bounty*," by Sir John Barrow. Inside Hall had scribbled "and first read by me in Paris in 1916. Reread on the Pitcairn voyage August 17 to September 15, 1933." We looked out the back door of the guest house, a step from the sea. "There is One-Tree Hill on the point. And that is Matavai Bay, where Captain Bligh anchored. We call it Bounty Bay. You know when we sold 'Mutiny on the *Bounty*' to the movies we got $12,500. Later when we sold 'Hurricane' we got $60,000.

"When my husban' first thought about 'Mutiny on the *Bounty*' he say to Mist' Nordhoff, 'My goo'ness what a story.' So their friend Mr. Sedgwick (Ellery Sedgwick of *The Atlantic Monthly*) sent to London and got all the records of the *Bounty*. They came back, this bunch of black-and-white sheets of the record. He wrote the *Bounty* in the town hotel, the Aina Paré. They finished it in six months. My goo'ness, they wrote 'Men Against the Sea' in six weeks! My husband had read 'Typee' by Melville. That got him interested. If he didn't write '*Bounty*' he'd never have the success. He wrote beautiful things. He was a poet. He is so modest, he never have a book of his on the shelf. I couldn't talk about him. He got so mad."

The guest house with its magnificent beach front and its view of the bay was built in 1932. It cost $1,000. At the edge of the beach sand sticks of bamboo floated in the water. "That looks like the *Kon-Tiki*," Mrs. Hall said. "My daughter and son-in-law maybe gonna build here. We soak the bamboo in the sea first. Then the termites don't eat it. First they gonna live in the guest house this summer, then they decide."

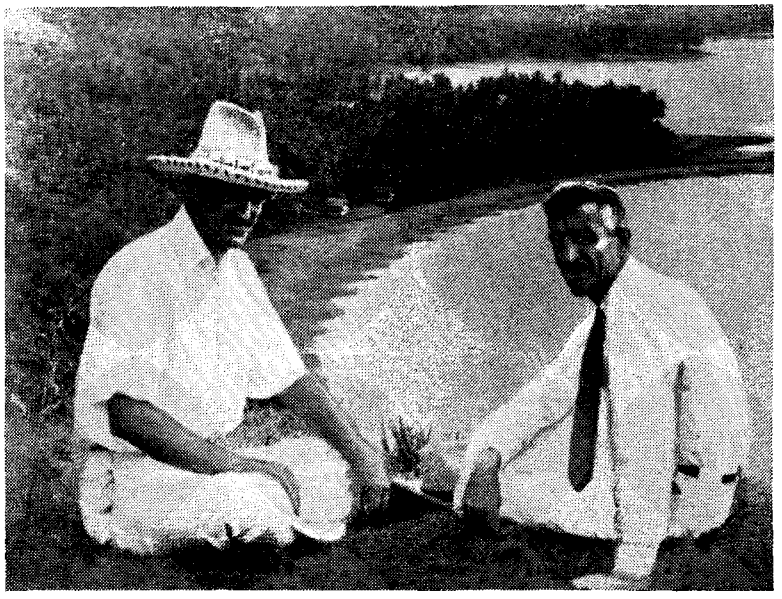
Later the Halls had built a large rambling house across the road, and we crossed Tahiti's main highway and strolled across the lawn to its front porch. "If he work in the beach house he's too attract wid lovely view. He don' have the nerve to tell he's busy. I gotta kick the people out."

WE WENT to Hall's study, a side room screened from the Pacific vista and the *Bounty*'s bay by a cluster of foliage. "Right here he wore out the floor," said Mrs. Hall, noting a place alongside a big easy chair. "Jus' meditatin', thinkin' what he gonna put nex'. He had three cigarettes, one in ashtray, one in his mouth, one he's taking out of package. He burn the floor. He say, 'Mama, someday you be proud of those burns.' And now I am."

Up on the wall was the original of *The Saturday Evening Post*'s illustration for "Men Against the Sea." "I very proud of this one," she said, pointing to a plaque. "He got this bronze from Iowa." (On the fortieth anniversary of his graduation from Grinnell College, Hall was given an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.) There was a picture of their son Conrad Lafcadio Hearn. "He has name of three writers," said Mrs. Hall as she rummaged in a trunk. "Now he's artist for Walt Disney." She handed me a copy of "Ulysses." In the flyleaf there was a note. It said:

JAMES NORMAN HALL
Tahiti 1928

To the Next Owner:
This book cried up by the elect
Much needs such boosting I suspect



Nordhoff and Hall above Matavai Bay.

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Whether it deserves the praise
Showered upon it in our days
I have for you sir, to decide
I have heard both far and wide
"Read Joyce and be exceedingly
glad"
But never a man who had
Save one who counseled Wisely
spare
To cut the pages, leave him there.
This I did although a score
Of open ones I read and more
I cannot add a hearty voice
To those which cry Read Joyce!
Read Joyce!
But then, I have not read him all,
Life is short,
yours,
James N. Hall.

On another wall in a corridor was a legend he had written on the barn of his home in Iowa. It read:

Look to the Northward stranger
Just over the barn roof there
Have you in your travels seen
A land more passing fair?

"You know, he told me what to do when he die, what kind service and where he want to be, but he never told me what to put on. So we took what he wrote on the barn and change one line—'Just over the hillside there' —instead of 'the barn roof,' and that's what we put on the grave."

We walked to the porch then out on the lawn and turned back, away from the sea and up towards the steep green mountains. "My husban' is restin' up there, there by that straight coconut. He's restin' up there lookin' over the bay. That's where my husband used to sit and look across to Bounty Bay. On his memorial day he told me not to put flowers on his grave, he said put cigarettes. So every July 6 we go up and we have some rum punch, and we put some cigarettes aroun'. That's what we do." —HORACE SUTTON.

The Political Prophet

By Andrew Glaze

WHAT is the difference between
that day,
He thinks, when I rode between
the files
Answering love with distant
smiles,
To the rostrum where I had my
way,

And today when they swap 'My
Lord' for 'fiend!'
And those who worshipped at
my face
Beat on the tumbril of disgrace
And take me out to be
guillotined.

Ideas and Men

Continued from page 15

their different aspects, methods, and outlooks are comparable to parallels which meet at infinity.

One is tempted to conclude that Dr. Haas has proved too much; that he has fallen into the temptation of making the facts of generalized human behavior in the civilizations of East and West fit into his presupposed and prejudged theory—either by conveniently neglecting negative instances or (when he does admit such) by explaining them away as exceptions which "prove the rule." He himself admits that "inner consistency and systematic philosophy must constitute the adequate proof of our theory." Inner consistency there certainly is. Philosophy there is also; but this latter is hardly "systematic," and to this reviewer does certainly not appear adequate. But the above criticism is—if not actually invalidated—considerably weakened by the author's frank admission, in his introductory note, that "this book is the exposition and justification of a scientific vision."

That there is here profound insight into Eastern and Western civilizations no careful student of these civilizations will deny. To what extent this insight, this vision, is "scientific" may be debatable. But inasmuch as such a debate would have to be carried on from the standpoint of science—and therefore from that of the procedure unique in the Western mind—its outcome could not touch the fundamental issue, since it would be a one-sided debate, leaving the structure, intent, and aim of the Eastern mind, as described by the author, out of the picture.

That the author is, in any case, not as objective in his analysis as he would have you think is demonstrated by his use of such loaded words as "hostile," "fanatical," "ghastly," *et al.* In almost every instance such words are used against the Western mind; thus giving away the author's bias against the West. The only comparable adjective employed by him against the East is his admission that the Eastern mind has not yet gotten quite as far away from magic as has the Western.

This is not an easy book to read. But its perusal will amply repay the serious efforts of any student of comparative cultures.

THIRTY YEARS WITH GANDHI: Mahatma Gandhi is the George Washington of India, but Rajendra Prasad has been its first president. From the Rashtrapati Bhavan, the erstwhile Viceroy's residence, President Prasad has found time, in a book called **"At the Feet of Mahatma Gandhi"** (Philosophical Library, $6), to recall his three decades working with the "Father of His Country."

Prasad first met Gandhi in 1917. Gandhi had returned two years previously from his twenty-year sojourn in South Africa and had come to Prasad's province to help some peasants in their grievances against the indigo planters. Although "the idea of voluntarily going to jail was a novel one," Prasad risked this fate to join the movement. He remained a loyal friend and follower until the day Gandhi was assassinated.

President Prasad has remained more of a Gandhian since that tragic date of January 30, 1948, than many in the Gandhian circle. One of the poignant portions of this volume is the concluding self-examination. Prasad asks himself and 360 million Indians: "Are we ready to be weighed in Gandhi's scale of values?" He wishes that independent India would increasingly walk the Gandhian way, for he affirms that "Gandhi had only partially succeeded in establishing the rule of non-violence."

Here is an important addition to the growing Gandhian literature, growing so fast that someday it may equal the literature of Lincoln if not of Jesus. With the recent news that the Government of India is beginning to edit for publication the complete works of Gandhi, it is also essential that those still living put down their every memory and impression of this "great soul." President Prasad has done so lovingly and readably. What he says of Gandhi also applies to himself: "Great men simplify great principles and make them easily intelligible to ordinary men." —HOMER A. JACK.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mozart in Versailles, Soviets in the Chatelet

PARIS.

UNLIKELY as it may seem, Marie Antoinette and Amadeus Mozart had something more in common than a pair of initials: the superb Petit Trianon Theatre at Versailles, which was constructed for her and in which he actually appeared during his Paris visit of the late 1770s. Marie Antoinette's contribution is limited now to the monogram MA over the charming proscenium, but Mozart's spirit lived anew there during the special performances of "Cosi fan tutte" to mark the bicentenary. This part of the festival of Paris—limited to five times the seating capacity of about 200—will remain for those fortunate enough to hear it the happiest inspiration of the Mozartian *annus mirabilis.*

Imagine a stage with an intimate foreground but a remarkably spacious back; an "auditorium" fit for a queen's retinue (as it was in its origins), a parquette floor slightly pitched and ringed by a graceful little balcony. The tints are white and gold and blue, and the top curve is spaced with lattice work, behind which incognito guests could see without being seen. This is a small suggestion of the lovable little setting for a queen's fantasy, now utilized for a musical monarch's inspirations. A pit with space for barely two dozen players nevertheless provided, within this resonant frame of plaster and wood, quite enough sound for the vocal style of "Cosi." The Rockefeller Foundation earns thanks for the restoration of the frame: Rudolf Albert of Munich, a young conductor who should go far in his field, is entitled to credit for utilizing it so well.

Basically this is the "Cosi" production which under Gabriel Dusserget's discerning *direction artistique* has embellished the Aix-en-Provence festival of the last few years. Teresa Stich-Randall (Fiordilligi), Nan Merriman (Dorabella), and Marcello Cortis, who produces skilfully as well as singing Don Alfonso with distinction, provided a strongly-knit inner texture on which the talents of three young singers from La Scala (Mariella Adani as Despina, Mario Spina as Ferrando, and Dino Montavani as Guglielmo) could safely be imposed.

Intimacy of space, as noted previously in a report on the Mozart at Stockholm's Drottingholm Theatre, can be a liability as well as an asset. It clearly diminishes the need for strength, but it also puts a considerable premium on finesse. To the credit of Cortis, his staging was artfully adapted to the audience at arm's length, blending emphasis with discretion. In a certain way this is the most satisfactory kind of "Cosi" imaginable, since it projects Alfonso's manipulation of the characters in da Ponte's script—for which Cortis is philosophically responsible—into the play as a whole.

In a musical way the special pleasure of this experience was the lovely interplay and harmonious sound of the sisters sung by Stich-Randall and Merriman. Their past associations have now produced a satisfying fusion of thought as well as action. Stich-Randall's Fiordiligi is highly refined and thoroughly artistic, though she lacks the full dramatic force for "Come scoglio"; while Merriman's Dorabella has become a singularly adroit mixture of minx and maid, angelic in sound and full of subtle vocal shadings. For those who know her only as a recitalist and soloist with orchestra her appearance on an operatic American stage should be a real event. Clever costuming (Francois Ganeau's) and artful makeup give the two women a sisterly resemblance that is more illusionary than actual but helpful to the dramatic purpose.

Compliments are also in order for Adani, a spirited young Despina who has a suitably mischievous spirit but also a kind of peasant roughness suitable to the domestic. She sings with steady security and occasional brilliance, likewise with real animation. Montevani has a lightly brilliant baritone voice well suited to the tiny theatre, while Spina's sound was equally right for the "petite boutique."

Supporting all was the sensitive playing of the choice string, woodwind, and brass players of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. Under such conditions each man was a soloist, and they responded—collectively—with enthusiasm and zest. To return to the starting point, conductor Albert's work withstood the close range scrutiny not only point by point but in a totality of lively, just tempos and well-adjusted dynamics. If the "Association Français des Amis de Mozart" (which sponsored the five performances) are the true friends of Mozart they profess to be they will find some way of making this experience available in the future to other audiences. The Festival of Paris couldn't have a brighter or more distinctive jewel to crown it.

* * *

At another extreme of means and proportions was the equally special series of performances in the spacious Chatelet Theatre by a group called the Ballet Sovietique. (Apparently the time when the term "Ballet Russe" was in good repute has passed.) In any case, this group—though rated as a second team by the standards of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow—offered a full-length "Swan Lake" that was eye-opening for several reasons. Primarily its male dancers are males as well as dancers, with a standard of execution much above even the best groups seen regularly in America; for another, its *corps de ballet*—and it ran to twenty-four "swans"—is both efficient and artistic.

In the aggregate the overwhelming sensation at all times was that these were *dancers,* from smallest subaltern to leading performer. The version of "Swan Lake" supervised by Vladimir Bourmeister is an eclectic one, stressing the German folklore of Albrecht and the enchanted swan in Acts I and IV, and adhering to basically familiar Ivanoy materials in Act II (also III). The costuming and scenery are somewhat old-fashioned but also—thanks to whatever deities preside over the "Theatre Lyrique Stanislavski et Nemivorvitch-Dantechenko de Moscou"—are the excellencies of the leading performers and their able associates.

On the occasion observed Violetta Boyt (*artiste émérite*) was replaced in the Odette-Odile role by a dancer whose name sounded, in the verbal announcement, to be Sofia Gradousova. She is, in any case, a mime of decided gifts as well as a dancer of steel-like strength and suppleness. In this version a considerable prominence is allotted to a *bouffon* of the Prince, who lightens the normal gloom of "Swan Lake" with mimicries of his master and other persons of the action. In this view Vladimir Tchiguiriev's impersonation of the jester was the evening's delight, blending the zany qualities of Harpo Marx with the *ballon* and skill of a super Brian Shaw. G. Rojdiestvenski led a superbly musical, eminently balletic playing of the great score by the Pasdeloup Orchestra. It is long overdue for America to have a visit from such a company, to provide an accurate measurement of what is truth and what is consequence in Russian ballet.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

IS JAZZ GOOD PROPAGANDA?

The Dizzy Gillespie Tour

Dizzy Gillespie with snake-charmer: "The man's a musician, isn't he?"

By MARSHALL W. STEARNS

DURING the past few years the number of jazzbands touring abroad has swollen mightily while stories of their incredible success have multiplied. Louis Armstrong, Stan Kenton, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Jazz at the Philharmonic, and many others have racked up impressive scores. The demand is great and the profit considerable. But early last spring, through the International Exchange Program which is run by ANTA (American National Theatre and Academy), the State Department helped to send a jazzband abroad without thought of profit and to countries where no jazzband has ever played. The tour, which covered eight Middle Eastern and Balkan countries, lasted from approximately the middle of March to the middle of May, and I went along as a sort of combined artistic adviser, bandboy, and lecturer on jazz.

The idea was simply to make new friends for the United States, especially in those critical nations which Russia, at enormous expense, is flooding with free but strictly supervised talent. The American approach was different—a sort of do-it-yourself plan with emphasis upon free enterprise. The band did its own booking, with the help of the American Embassies and the United States Information Service, and the Government more or less guaranteed it against loss. The band was paid a reasonable minimum, no matter how financially successful the concerts might be, and no more. It was a sparkling new idea in the jazz world, and it worked out famously.

After careful consideration the musicians for the modern-styled Gillespie band were selected from those available. The group rehearsed for a month in New York a program which illustrated the history of jazz as well as the latest experimental music. They played Abadan, Dacca, Karachi, Beirut, Damascus, Aleppo, Ankara, Istanbul, Zagreb, Belgrade, and Athens. In some places the people had never heard of jazz—let alone Louis Armstrong ("Then I *knew* I had to work," moaned Gillespie), but the music was received with wild enthusiasm and the musicians were treated like heroes.

Why? On the surface, everybody—even the old folks—seemed to *want* to love jazz, even before they heard it. They definitely associated jazz with the cheerful, informal, and generous side of American life and they were bowled over by its spontaneity and vitality. The stereotype notion that jazz is lowbrow never got in the way of their enjoyment. On the contrary, the folk origins of jazz were considered a high recommendation. "Jazz is fun," they said admiringly, and even respectable middle-aged citizens were transformed into rabid jazz fans in the course of one concert.

Beneath the surface, we bumped into more complicated reasons for this love of jazz. Our stay in Yugoslavia, where the Communist government has only recently permitted jazz, furnished the most illuminating evidence. In Belgrade and Zagreb we found some of the best jazzmen and most devoted fans. They knew the birthplace, age, and recordings of every member of the band—but they begged desperately for more recordings. A process involving several consecutive stages seemed to be at work: Yugoslav jazz musicians had been trying to leave the country for the United States—a dangerous move in their country—for many years; the jazz fans had been applying for American visas when we arrived. And the newly converted fans—young and old—were beginning to think the same way. Their admiration for the United States was unbounded.

What made them think this way? The concerts were a resounding success. In Zagreb, the militia dumped members of the audience back into their seats when they tried to jump up on the stage during the concert, and they formed a cordon across the stage at the end of every performance to let the musicians escape from the admiring crowds. Even the militia seemed to enjoy the music. But one repeated observation by our most devoted fans furnished a clue: "You are all so unorganized," they said, "until the band begins to play."

Other episodes helped to fill in the picture. A minor incident occurred in Zagreb, where a member of the band toasted his local colleagues a little too thoroughly. The press might have used it to discredit the band, but when a well-known native journalist was asked if he would print the story, he replied, "Don't worry, after last night's concert I am a jazz fan first and a newspaperman second." He didn't bother to mention how his government might feel. That night a lady from a fine old family staged a jam session for some members of the band. "The local musicians got down on their knees and salaamed," says Ermet Perry. When the party broke up at dawn, Yugoslav jazzmen

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serenaded the Americans as they straggled back to their hotel. "What this country needs," the lady was heard to observe, "is fewer ambassadors and more jam sessions."

After some negotiations, the first lecture on jazz to be heard in the sacrosanct halls of the famous Zagreb Music Conservatory was arranged. An audience of fifty students and faculty members concentrated on every word —translated by an interpreter—with an intensity that was frightening. In the following discussion, the group agreed that jazz symbolized an element of unconscious protest which cut through the pretenses of tradition and authority. It spoke directly and truly of real life. Such honest discussion in a country known to be infested with secret police must have taken real courage and conviction. When we were leaving, trumpeter-arranger Quincy Jones remarked casually to a local musician that he hoped to see him someday in New York. The man burst into tears. "It is my dearest wish," he said, "but I haven't a chance."

Did the Gillespie tour create good will? There was no conscious attempt to do so. The musicians just had "a mighty fine time" being themselves and making friends with everyone who seemed interested. In Abadan, bandboy Marion Frazer, who is a disc-jockey back home, gave away two suits to a needy native. Later he didn't have a dark suit to wear to the dinner parties. Clarinetist Jimmy Powell found a local musician who had been using the same clarinet reed for a year. "I laid a couple of reeds on him and he almost cried," Powell recalls cheerfully, although he ran out of reeds himself in Athens. Quincy Jones bought a complete outfit for a sailor in the Pakistan Navy. "Why, he only got $1.50 a month," said Jones.

In Dacca, where there are no juke-boxes and few radios, the audiences didn't know how they were supposed to express their delight. They sat wide-eyed on the edge of their chairs at the first concert, and applauded politely as if the noise might interfere with the strange and wonderful music. By the third concert, however, they were participating fully—clapping on the right beat, yelling, and whistling like any college crowd at home.

AT THE Shahbaugh Hotel, Gillespie set off a near riot by taking a flute-playing snake-charmer to his room for a duet. The management was flustered but Dizzy remained unmoved: "The man's a musician, isn't he?" You could hear the bellboys spreading the news outside the hotel. In Ankara, Gillespie produced another crisis. At an outdoor concert, sponsored by the

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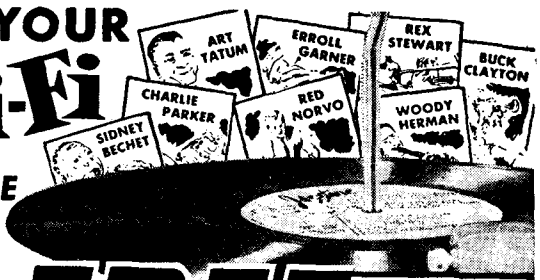

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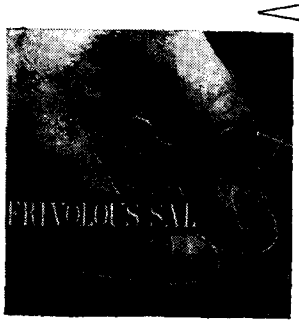

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Turkish-American society, he noticed that a horde of ragamuffins had gathered outside the walls to hear him. Every now and then a youngster would sneak over, only to be thrown back by a cop. Dizzy forthwith announced that he would rather not perform unless everybody was admitted: "I came here to play for *all* the people." But the refreshments, he was told, were insufficient. Dizzy wasn't hungry. So the kids were admitted, the refreshments disappeared, and Gillespie played far into the night.

The impact went deep. In Karachi, Mrs. Lorraine Gillespie, who spent much of her time in the hotel room taking care of correspondence, gained the confidence of the chambermaid. The chambermaid had been hammered with tales of the terrible fate of dark-skinned people in the United States. She would bare her own arm, compare it with the similar shade of Mrs. Gillespie's, and jump back in wonder. "Are you ordered to come here and play? Do they really pay you? Is the trombone soloist, Melba Liston, really a woman or a man dressed like a woman? Are those white men in the orchestra or do they cover their faces with chalk?" To the chambermaid, the jazzmen seemed like a gang of wealthy and eccentric capitalists and her conversion to capitalism was complete. The musicians hardly realized the close scrutiny they were receiving.

The austere Conservatory of Music in Ankara—a topnotch incubator of great Turkish musicians—was approached about a lecture on jazz. The Dean replied hesitantly that he would rather have the lecture given somewhere else because his students spent too much time with jazz anyway. So a well-received lecture was given in the Political Science auditorium. That evening, however, the Dean went to the Gillespie concert. The next morning he phoned excitedly and begged for a lecture. "This is wonderful modern music," he said. Anyone who knew anything about jazz would have been an overwhelming success on that occasion, for the students were ecstatic and they insisted upon a five-minute standing ovation.

Later, in Istanbul, the musicians noticed a pretty girl who attended every concert and sat in the front row. She turned out to be a famous ballerina who swore that she had sold her slippers in order to pay for the tickets. "This music can even make dance the seats in the hall," she said excitedly. An elderly Turk in charge of lighting backstage memorized the band numbers and was soon conducting the orchestra from the wings. He brought two bottles of Turkish cognac with him every night—with a vile concoction called Kola-Koka for a chaser—and wound up manipulating the lights and conducting from a sitting position. He referred to the orchestra as "his band."

The only thing that might be called trouble came from American tourists. Americans abroad seem to consider themselves automatic authorities on jazz by right of birth, and they would take it upon themselves to tell Gillespie either that he wasn't playing jazz or to request some tune such as "Deep in the Heart of Texas." Gillespie was patient and continued to astonish the members of his own band with new variations on his own tunes. At that, the band educated a few Americans. One wealthy dowager from Arizona, staying at the Hilton Hotel in Istanbul, was gently persuaded by one of the musicians with whom she had fraternized to attend a dinner dance. By midnight she was stationed in front of the band. "If I had been at home and not terribly upset in this foreign country," she boasted, "I never would have discovered jazz!"

The acid test of jazz as an ambassador of good-will came in Athens. We arrived just after the rioting, and anti-American feeling was real and intense. Although the band had been booked months in advance, newspaper editorials asked why the United States was sending jazzbands to Greece when they needed arms against Britain. The USIS office had been stoned and there was a rumor that the Greek government had suggested that the Gillespie tour might be postponed. New arrangements for rooms and transportation were impossible and the band flew into town to play a scheduled matinee for students only. They were the people, we were told, who had hurled the rocks

THE success of the concert was unbelievable. The Greek students danced in the aisles with the local gendarmes who were there to preserve order. They drowned out the large and powerful band, playing fortissimo, with a solid wall of applause. They chanted "Dizzy, Dizzy, Dizzy" over and over again. After the concert, they carried Gillespie home on their shoulders. Traffic was stalled for a half hour and several blocks. Even the traffic cops danced in the streets. It was like a Greek Mardi Gras. GREEK STUDENTS LAY DOWN ROCKS AND ROLL WITH DIZ ran the headlines.

Backstage, members of the Russian Folk Dance troupe, which alternated with us at the same theatre, were jitterbugging quietly, deadpan. We were told that they could not speak to anyone without permission and that their director locked them up every night. On the afternoon of the second concert, however, they came and sat in two rows near the front. During intermission, after the band had finished illustrating the history of jazz several of them came back stage. They wanted to shake hands.

The spokesman for the group played accordion and looked just like a movie version of a commissar—chunky, determined, and grumpy. He let us know that the Gillespie band has "colossal technique and ensemble precision" but his expression told us that this was not enough. He

Dizzy shaking skin with Muvaffak Salay, leader of a Turkish jazz band.

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wanted more "piano," meaning less volume, and more melody—in fact, the music lacked "sentimentality." Then he went back to his seat for the second half of the program when the band played its modern compositions. Gillespie even inserted some improvised phrases from "Ochy Chornia" in honor of the occasion.

The next time I saw the commissar he was rushing backstage at the end of the concert. I arrived in time to see him bow low from the waist, blow Gillespie a kiss, and speak his first word in English: "Master!" Then came a barrage of questions: "How high does Dizzy go?" He was thunderstruck when I diagrammed A-flat above high C. Impossible. "Was the prase from 'Ochy Chornia' written out for Gillespie and was he commanded to play it?" He wouldn't believe me when I said no and pointed to my forehead to indicate that Gillespie had improvised it. When I added that the band would love to play in Moscow, he said that it would be a great success and clapped his hands to show me what would happen. At that point the frowns of his colleagues silenced him.

WHAT are the lessons to be drawn from the Gillespie tour? There is the old one, of course, that many people in many lands and for many reasons enjoy jazz tremendously. But that is not all. People said to me, "We are sick to death of propaganda about democracy—we want deeds and people, not words and thories. We are convinced that you have many bathtubs, skyscrapers, and automobiles, but we have real doubts about your culture. Send us true examples."

At this point in the conversation, the American-of-good-will speaks anxiously about American opera, painting, theatre, symphony, poetry, sculpture, and the novel. Great as they are, however, these arts were born in Europe and Europeans judge them by their own high standards. In a very real sense they are partly derivative and sometimes competing arts, not new contributions to the culture of the world.

It has never dawned upon Americans that many people in foreign lands consider jazz a new and impressive contribution to culture. It is the old story of finding the bluebird in your own garden. Thus, the concrete example of one good jazzband may communicate more of the sincerity, joy, and vigor of the American way of life than several other American creations inspired by Europe. Jazz was born and grew up in the United States and nowhere else. As a European composer remarked to me: "Jazz is one of America's best-loved *artistic* exports."

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BILLIE, BIG BILL, AND JELLY ROLL

Three Graphic Views of the Negro Jazz Musician

Billie Holiday on the mike.

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THREE quite different, though complementary, autobiographies have recently been published here and in England, and taken together, they provide an invaluable reflection of the Negro jazz musician. All three books are products of collaboration and as a result they vary as much in quality as content. **"Lady Sings the Blues,"** by Billie Holiday, as told to William Dufty (Doubleday, $3.75), is a depressingly metronomic chronicle of rape, dope addiction, and related hard knocks; in spite of its high decibels, it gives a wizened, glancing picture of the author and explains almost nothing about her art. On the other hand, **"Big Bill Blues: William Broonzy's Story,"** as told to Yannick Bruynoghe, which was published late last year in England by Cassell, is a memoir that possesses, in its unplaned way, a remarkable balance of eloquence and wisdom. **"Mister Jelly Roll,"** by Alan Lomax (Evergreen Books, $1.45) is a reissue—complete with all the typos and misspellings of the original volume—of a book first published in 1950. In the words of Jelly Roll Morton, his friends and relatives, and Lomax himself, it rebuilds the sublime vision (100 suits, a roll as big as a cabbage, diamond stickpins, the admiration of kings and queens) that Jelly Roll nurtured for forty years and that, in the end, swallowed him.

Miss Holiday's book has—with its corrugated prose and tinhorn sensationalism—a good deal in common with Louis Armstrong's recent volume of autobiography and Mezz Mezzrow's "Really the Blues." The carefully calculated showstopper in its first paragraph sets the tone: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was eighteen, she was sixteen, and I was three." (Miss Holiday was born Eleanora Fagan in 1915 in Baltimore.) Not long after, her great-grandmother, who had once been the slave-mistress of a white plantation owner named Fagan, died with a death-grip around her great-granddaughter's neck. At the age of ten she was raped. She had her first man at twelve, and three years after in New York became a prostitute and was sent to jail. In 1941 she married, and within the year became a dope addict. She was jailed for a year in 1947 for the illegal possession of narcotics, and was tried and acquitted for the same charge in 1949; at present Miss Holiday is out on bail awaiting trial for the same reason. These sad facts are recounted here because they are the bleak bones of the book. Miss Holiday tells them as if she had her face pressed to the reader's, her teeth clenched, her voice low and sharp. We are stunned and then almost lulled by so much disorder and early sorrow and, although we wait for the perspective of maturity and time to set the picture right, it never does. Rather one must keep remembering the very reason for Miss Holiday's book: the fact that she created, at the best moments in her career—the late Thirties and mid-Forties—a unique, beautiful, and indestructible kind of jazz singing. It seems useless to plumb the misery of an artist's life if a basic stone or two of his art cannot be turned up too; would that she had poked and pulled her career with the

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deserved self-wonder that leads to illumination for the listener and reader. But it is Miss Holiday's pride not to; to say anything good of herself would court the sympathy she would not know how to handle. Instead, Mr. Dufty, an unsuccessful interlocutor, allows her to overwhelm her pages with hatred for the white man, for certain of her peers, and for those who have unquestionably cheated her out of justice and money and love. Indeed, it is as if, in the face of her pitiable life, her art were not an inestimable feat.

BIG Bill Broonzy was born in Mississippi in 1893. His parents met as slaves, and his mother bore twenty-one children. He had no schooling, and was hired out to a white man at seven, and in the years to follow roamed the country as a preacher, a farmer, a coal miner, a railroad man, a foundry maker, and a WPA worker. In between times, Broonzy wrote and sang the blues, accompanying himself on guitar. He became a professional in 1912 and made his first recordings in the mid-Twenties. Broonzy is one of the "rural" blues singers who first emerged in the South in the Twenties and who grew into a kind of small, raggedy army of country poets. In time their blues recorded a history of the impoverished Negro's lot in the south. In his book, which has been handled in model fashion by Mr. Bruynoghe, who is a Belgian, Broonzy tells, in a rolling, chuckling prose-talk as natural as sunrise, of his early days; of his songs and the specific situations in his life out of which they grew (this section is an extraordinary, if simple, study of unselfconscious artistic creation); and of his friends, other blues singers like Big Maceo, Tampa Red, Washboard Sam, and Memphis Minnie. In 1945, Broonzy wrote a song called "Black, Brown and White." Its last verse goes:

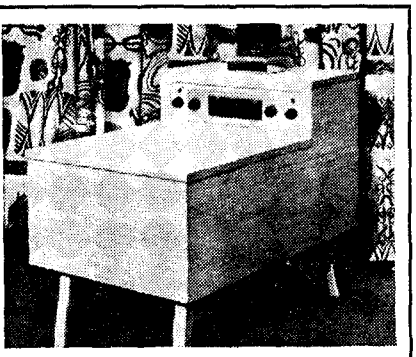
> Now if you's white, you's all right
> If you's brown, stick around
> But if you's black
> Oh, Brother, git back, git back,
> git back.

It was finally recorded, in 1951, in France. In it is his wisdom and the necessity of his art: "That song doesn't tell the Negro to get back but just about where and who tells them to get back all the time, and reminding the one who says it. I, Big Bill, don't like to get back, I'm a blues singer and I sing about it."

JELLY ROLL MORTON, as a composer, pianist, and bandleader, became in the late Twenties a link between the earlier New Orleans jazz and Duke Ellington. He died penniless and sick in 1941 in Los Angeles. Three years before Alan Lomax had spent a month with him in Coolidge Auditorium in the Library of Congress while Jelly Roll, sitting at a piano and sipping whiskey, talked and sang fragments of his life into a recording machine. "Mister Jelly Roll" is a somewhat rearranged transcription of sections of what Morton set down, and it is a fascinating American document. Before he died Morton, who was born Ferdinand J. LaMenthe in New Orleans, lit the subterranean world of itinerant gamblers, pimps, and small-time sharks that flourished throughout this country fifty years ago. He learned the piano in the whorehouses of New Orleans and when he died he still had a dicty's diamond in a front tooth. He wrote dozens of songs, made some of the great jazz records, and told the world again and again how he had invented jazz. Morton was a Creole, and, because of old distinctions, looked down on darker-hued Negroes; when there was friction between Negro and white, he simply blamed the Negro. His ego, ballooning and bright, floated him past the pettiness of racial squabbles. Morton did not become a fulltime jazzman until the Twenties in Chicago when he found the gambling circuits closed to him. Then, in the mid-Thirties, he suddenly discovered that his day had gone. In his last years, perhaps a little mad, he became convinced that a West Indian had put an evil spell on him; he wrote a marvelous letter to Robert Ripley when Ripley introduced W. C. Handy on his radio program as the originator of the blues; he wrote FDR and outlined a kind of chain-letter plan he felt would revive the booming band business. He even sat down and started his autobiography. After his opening paragraph, which described creation and the discovery of America by Columbus, he went on:

> This land grew tremendously populated and was built up at a tremendous rate of speed. People of every nationality settled in this vast haven. France was the owner of one of the most historical states in the country, a state named Louisiana. In the southwest central part of this state was the greatest city in this country, the city of New Orleans. In this city there was a son born to a family of French descent, known as LaMenthe. The son was named Ferdinand Joseph LaMenthe . . .

Morton gave the American Dream an awful pummeling before it cut him down.



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HI-FI, READY TO PLUG IN . . . *Assembled Music Reproducers*

By FRED GRUNFELD

THE HIGH-FIDELITY boom was born a decade ago out of the simple but belated discovery that there is more to a phonograph than meets the eye. Any audiophile, wiring together his own set from a variety of professional-quality components, could come much closer to sonic satisfaction than the commercial manufacturers who packaged—or camouflaged—barely adequate equipment in elaborate cabinets. Gradually, however, these manufacturers have risen to the challenge of the hi-fi hobbyist.

The market currently offers an extraordinary range of hi-fi reproducers that are ready-to-plug-in, but buyers must still come armed with wariness, a discriminating ear, and some understanding of audio essentials. Much advertising stresses furniture over electronics; a great deal is said about "hand-rubbed finishes" and "distinctive styling," while technical specifications are often written with intent to confuse the uninitiated. The copywriter who described a ceramic pick-up as "requiring no troublesome 'preamplification'" neglected to add that preamplification is troublesome only to the manufacturer—a magnetic cartridge, which requires the aforementioned preamplifier, is a highly desirable component.

A magnetic pick-up, a balanced speaker system, and provision for record compensation are important assets to any reproducer. The Libertyphone 608, built to the specifications of the Liberty Music Shops in New York, manages to incorporate all three. At $149.50 it stands at the head of its class. In the vicinity of $180, Steelman combines an AM-FM tuner with a GE magnetic cartridge and a three-speaker system. At the $200 level, Olympic offers an AM-FM radio, some compensation, magnetic pickups, and a fine speaker system. Dictograph's $247 entry features three speakers, GE cartridges, and compensation, as does the excellent Fisher 50-M ($249.50), which lists a Garrard changer among its advantages.

Large diameter woofers and AM-FM radios become more or less standard in the $300 class. Olympic and Columbia have outstanding entries in this category, though the latter—like all Columbia units—employs the "Ronette" rather than a magnetic pick-up.

IN THE higher regions, from $500 on up, prices (and presumably purchaser's preferences) are primarily determined by cabinet styling and workmanship. It is noteworthy that above $800 all manufacturers supply that "troublesome preamplification" for magnetic pick-ups. Bohn, at prices ranging from $1,050 to $1,290, is the first to include a manual turntable and tone-arm (considered *de rigueur* by do-it-yourself experts) in place of the automatic changer. Bohn and RCA, among others, lift another page out of the audiophile's book—in their luxury models the speakers are housed separately from the record-playing and control unit. Such sumptuous alliances between the engineer and the cabinet-maker decidedly reveal the influence of the little man with the soldering iron. But many maufacturers still have to learn some of hi-fi's more troublesome lessons.

MAKER	MODEL	PICKUP	CHANGER	SPEAKER	COMPENSATION	RADIO	PRICE
LIBERTYPHONE	608	Magnetic	Collaro	Two 8"	Yes	No	$149.5(
MAGNAVOX	"Magnasonic 210"	Ceramic	*	12", 5"	No	No	$149.5(
ADMIRAL	5M37D	Ceramic	*	8", 3½"	Yes	No	$149.9
COLUMBIA	527	Ceramic	*	12", Electrostatic Tweeter	No	No	$149.9
OLYMPIC	575 M	Ceramic	VM	8"	Minimum	AM-FM	$149.9
WESTINGHOUSE	467R6	Crystal	*	8"	No	AM	$154.9
DU MONT	"Minstrel"	Crystal	VM	Two 10", Two 3½"	No	No	$159.9
DICTOGRAPH	100A	Magnetic	Collaro	8", 3"	Yes	No	$179.5(
RCA	7HF4	Ceramic	*	8", Two 3½"	No	No	$179.9
STEELMAN	3A18	Magnetic	*	8", Two Tweeters	No	FM-AM	$179.9
SYLVANIA	969	Ceramic	Collaro	12", Two 4"	No	No	$179.9
PHILCO	1764	Ceramic	*	10", Electrostatic Tweeter	No	No	$189.9
EMERSON	835	Ceramic	*	12"	No	Yes	$198.0(
MAGNAVOX	"Magnasonic 420"	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Two 5"	No	No	$198.5(
SPARTAN	"Festival 210"	Ceramic	*	12", 5"	No	AM-FM	$198.5(
DICTOGRAPH	101B	Magnetic	Collaro	8", 3"	Yes	No	$199.5(
CAPEHART	52PH56M	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Two 5"	Yes	No	$199.9
COLUMBIA	528	Ceramic	*	12", 8" Electrostatic Tweeters	No	No	$199.9
GRANCO	RP 1000	Ceramic	VM	12", 4"	No	AM-FM	$199.9
OLYMPIC	576M	Magnetic	VM	12", 8", 3½"	Minimum	AM-FM	$199.9
VOICE OF MUSIC	565	Ceramic	*	12", 4"	No	No	$199.9

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MAKER	Model	PICKUP	CHANGER	SPEAKER	COMPENSATION	RADIO	PRICE
ZENITH	HFZ19E	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Two 2⅝"	No	No	$209.95
DU MONT	"Balladier"	Crystal	VM	Two 10", Two 3½"	No	AM	$219.95
WEBCOR	"Ravinia Coronet"	Magnetic	*	Three-way System	No	No	$219.95
ADMIRAL	5M66D	Ceramic	*	12", 5¼", 3½"	Yes	No	$229.95
DICTOGRAPH	101E	Magnetic	Collaro	Two 8", 3"	Yes	No	$247.00
FISHER	50-M	Magnetic	Garrard	Three 8"	Yes	No	$249.50
LANG AND TAYLOR	"Kelton"	Ceramic	*	Special Woofer, 8½", 2"	Yes	No	$249.95
STROMBERG-CARLSON	"Cadenza"	Ceramic	*	12", 8"	No	AM	$249.95
WEBCOR	"Ravinia Imperial"	Magnetic	*	Three-way System	No	No	$275.00
PILOT	PT1030A	Magnetic	Garrard	12", 6½", Two 3½"	Yes	No	$299.50
CAPEHART	53PH56M	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Two 5"	Yes	No	$299.95
COLUMBIA	530	Ceramic	*	12", Two 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$299.95
OLYMPIC	577CM-	Magnetic	Garrard	12", 8", 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$299.95
PHILCO	1766	Ceramic	*	15", Electrostatic Tweeter	No	No	$299.95
STEELMAN	4A26	Magnetic	*	12", 6", Electrostatic Tweeter	No	AM-FM	$299.95
RCA	7HF3	Ceramic	*	12", Two 3½"	No	AM-FM	$325.00
FISHER	60M	Magnetic	Garrard	Three 8"	Yes	AM-FM	$329.50
DU MONT	"Tanglewood II"	Crystal	Collaro	15", Six 3½"	No	AM-FM	$350.00
WESTINGHOUSE	470R12	Magnetic	*	12", Tweeter	No	AM	$359.95
MAGNAVOX	277B	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Tweeter	Yes	AM-FM	$395.00
PILOT	PT1040	Magnetic	Garrard	12", 6½", Two 3"	Yes	AM-FM	$475.00
CAPEHART	"Fifth Symphony"	Ceramic	*	Two 12", Two 5"	Yes	AM-FM and Tape Recorder	$479.95
FISHER	R20W	Magnetic	Garrard	15", Mid-range, Tweeter	Yes	AM-FM	$479.50
ZENITH	"Prelude"	Ceramic	*	12", 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$485.00
NORELCO	FX723Z	Ceramic	*	12" Coaxial	No	AM-FM, Shortwave	$495.00
WESTINGHOUSE	480C12	Magnetic	*	12", Tweeter	No	AM	$499.95
ZENITH	"Rhapsody"	Ceramic	*	12", 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$500.00
FISHER	CK-14	Magnetic	*	15" Coaxial, 8"	Yes	AM-FM	$595.00
MAGNAVOX	270B	Ceramic	*	15", 12", Two Tweeters	Yes	AM-FM	$595.00
NORELCO	FX824A	Ceramic	*	Two 8"	No	AM-FM, Shortwave	$595.00
RCA	7HFR1	Ceramic	*	12", Two 3½"	No	AM-FM, Tape Recorder	$595.00
BOHN	7SC66	Magnetic	Garrard	12" Coaxial	Yes	AM-FM	$695.00
MAGNAVOX	280B	Ceramic	*	15", 12", Two Tweeters	Yes	AM-FM	$695.00
RCA	7HF2	Magnetic	*	12", Two 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$695.00
FISHER	HK14	Magnetic	*	15", Mid-range, Tweeter	Yes	AM-FM	$795.00
MAGNAVOX	281B	Ceramic	*	15", 12", Two Tweeters	Yes	AM-FM	$795.00
PILOT	PR70	Magnetic	Garrard	Two 12", 6½", Two 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$845.00
NORELCO	FX995A	Magnetic	*	Two 10", Two 7"	No	AM-FM, Shortwave	$995.00
PILOT	PR80	Magnetic	Garrard	Two 12", 6½", Two 3½"	Yes	AM-FM	$1,050.00
BOHN	7C73-S79	Magnetic	Rek-o-Kut Turntable	12", 8"	Yes	No	$1,075.00
FISHER	"Hampshire"	Magnetic	Garrard	15", Mid-range, Tweeter	Yes	AM-FM	$1,195.00
BOHN	7C73S89	Magnetic	Rek-o-Kut Turntable	15" Coaxial	Yes	No	$1,275.00
BOHN	7C88S79	Magnetic	Rek-o-Kut Turntable	12", 8"	Yes	AM-FM	$1,290.00
RCA	6HF1	Magnetic	*	15", 5", 3½"	Yes	AM-FM, Tape Recorder	$1,600.00

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Fiction

Continued from page 11

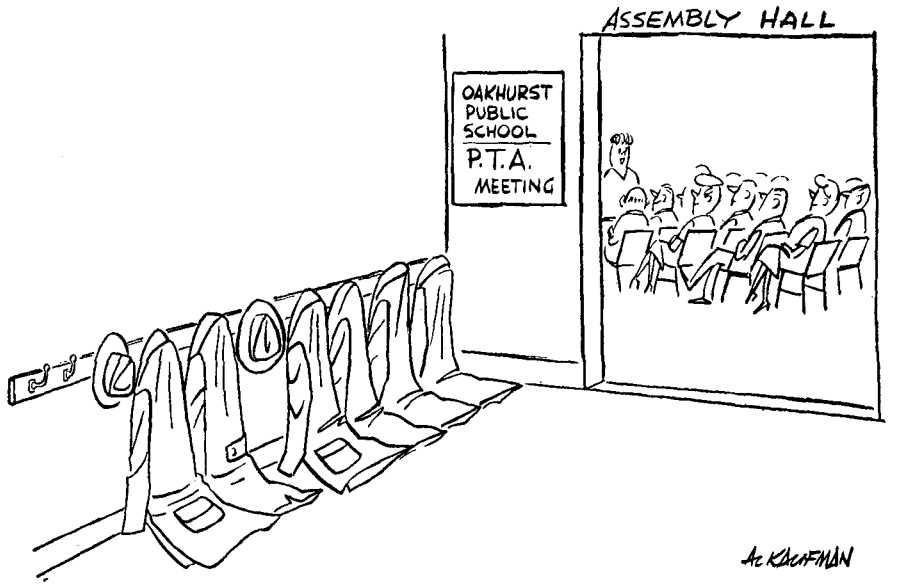
of the Shenandoah Valley, a supporter of President Polk, goes with his son Junius on the military expedition to the Southwest which developed into the Mexican War.

Angus, the most interesting character in the book, is a decent, likable man of firm character, seeking no favors. He plans to entrust the plantation and the welfare of his wife, Lucy, to his abolitionist brother Edward. But Edward dies of pneumonia, so that Lucy must take the responsibilities alone, including the complication of a visit from Edward's mulatto widow (whom he had helped escape from slavery) and their child Ishmael.

The story weaves back and forth from Mexico to Virginia. With the Army, Junius becomes involved with a turbulent Mexican girl, Alegria. Meeting at first in enmity, they become lovers, and finally marry in the face of military, national, and religious obstacles. I feel that the outcome of this phase of the story is properly left to the author to disclose.

Through the pages of this generally par-for-the-course romance Mrs. Davis skilfully sets before us many of the complex threads involved in the political and military tactics of the Mexican War. —EDMUND FULLER.

BLUE GRASS BROMIDE: "Major, my ol' stummick's bombilatin' like thunder in the Appenines. But I'm in no mood for cold turnip greens, by God! Lamb-fries is what I hanker after! Mashed cushaw. Gravy. A wedge o'cherry pie that was made last night—an' a jug o' whiskey that *wasn't!*" Such are the homely sentiments of one Link Toadvine, as he and his bosom pal Major Aidan Kensal ride through the pages of Gene Markey's **"Kentucky Pride"** (Random House, $3.95) toward their old Kentucky homes after valiant service in Morgan's Raiders. But bitter tea instead of mashed cushaw (whatever that is) awaits the ex-soldiers of the Confederate Army. Oakenden, Kensal's family seat, has been impounded by the infamous Major Veach Doucain, an agent of the Reconstruction and an arch enemy of Kensal. *Why* is Doucain Kensal's arch etcetera? "He committed the unpardonable sin of being everything I wanted to be—having everything I wanted to have—when we were boys!" confesses Veach simply, his feverish eyes glowing hotly, in the Kentucky twilight. Reason enough, suh? Anyhow, Veach goes about raking in everything that belonged to poor Kensal: his bluegrass farm, his hosses, even his spirited, Kentucky-bred gal friend, lovely Lacey Archer—she of the flashing eyes and the good hands. But the scurrilous Doucain has, in his vile eagerness, forgotten one thing: Mr. Markey's nimble typewriter. Mr. Markey, a reconstructed Yankee by his own fiat, has just the requisite amount of Hollywood know-how to bring his novel to a happy banjo-twanging conclusion, with Veach up-ended by his own petard, Aidan and Lacey in each other's arms, and juleps on the veranda for all hands. It's all good clean, cotton-pickin' fun. —MARTIN LEVIN.



THE TRIALS OF WAYNE THORPE: "He pulled her down beside him again and held her nude body close. 'Listen, Pat darling. Listen, and try to understand . . . !' " But Wayne Thorpe, the seventeenth-century buckaroo who stomps his way through Davenport Steward's **"Way of a Buccaneer"** (Dutton, $3.95), does not *really* have much trouble in getting the gals to understand. Be they named Pat, Dorotea, Consuolo, or Ana—they melt in his muscular embrace like a popsicle in the noonday sun. Wayne's difficulty is not with the ladies, but with an oddly-named Spanish colonial, Don Timoteo O'Bannion, who is responsible for his being impressed into slavery on a Panamanian chain gang. Wayne eventually gets even, but not until he has been cuffed, slugged, stabbed, nicked, flogged, and loved almost beyond human endurance. —M. L.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SQUIRE: Peter Bourne, whose last novel was a bird's-eye view of the Boxer Rebellion, wafts his readers seven centuries farther back in **"When God Slept"** (Putnam, $4.50), a highly colored version of medieval England and points East. Michael de Bernay, a young squire, thirsts for knighthood —but after taking part in an unlucky Crusade he winds up as an unpaid laborer on the Angkor Vat. However, his fair skin and broad shoulders attract a new employer, in the interesting form of a half-clad Cambodian princess. Though Michael hews to the chivalric code with boyish impracticality (spurning his benefactor's feverish advances, even when they are accompanied by incense and tom-toms)—he has enough horse sense to enable him to survive and make his way back from Siam to Blighty, no mean trick in the twelfth century.

Mr. Bourne is surest when he is dilating on the course of military training in a medieval castle, or on the intricacies of ancient Cambodian politics; he is less successful at stitching together a rather sprawling narrative, though it has moments of excitement. —M. L.

ALSO NOTED: "The Candle of the Wicked," by Edwin Balmer (Longmans, Green, $3.50), depicts the patience of ex-infantry captain Paul Chapter as he helps parishioners of a Midwest town while serving as a substitute minister. The parishioner in greatest distress is Martha, who married merely to keep her socialite standing and as a result acquired a bad conscience and a deaf-born child. After her husband is obliterated in a car wreck and she good-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Colonel William Falkner and William Faulkner. 2. Charles and Fanny Burney. 3. Thomas and Erika Mann. 4. Frances and Anthony Trollope. 5. William Wordsworth and Dorothy Wordsworth Quillinan. 6. Jane Elgee, Lady Wilde, and Oscar Wilde. 7. Richard and Maria Edgeworth. 8. Bronson and Louisa Alcott.

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heartedly distributes the legacy to charity Martha is free to marry Paul, solving her problems by way of a second trip to the altar. Mr. Balmer, a former editor of *Redbook* magazine, draws his portraits coldly and efficiently.

"Harvest on the Shore," by Grace Carstens (Macmillan, $3.50), is a graceful account of the love that matures between Nora, an artist, and Justin Dodd, a mechanic, set in New England's Cape Cod. Their vocations separate them, but ten years later, when the now successful Nora returns she finds that Justin besides having a family has also become the town's leading citizen. Despite the changes in their situation they pick up the old romantic thread, but this time there are tragic overtones and an overly-mellow atmosphere. Miss Carstens's first novel, "Born a Yankee," was well received and with "Harvest on the Shore" she contir.ues to display subtle appreciation for human relations and nature backdrops.

"The Adventures of Shlomele," by Saul Davis (Thomas Yoseloff, $3.50), is a fictional biography in the tradition of such Yiddish storytellers as Mendele Mocher Seforim and Sholom Aleichem, which whimsically and fondly recounts the boyhood escapades of Shlomele in a Russian town before World War I. It's a provincial world ringed by Tsarist oppression; only a fatalistic humor makes things bearable as Shlomele foolishly pulls a horse's tail, naively courts the rabbi's daughter, and disarmingly comments on strange sights encountered when his family migrates to England. Mr. Davis lives in England, where he writes articles and stories and does translations from the Russian and French.

"The Parasite," by Mendele Mocher Seforin (Yoseloff, $3.50), has become a classic of Yiddish literature since it was first published in 1864. Now it is available in an English-language translation by Gerald Stillman. Essentially it is a sardonic portrait of a man who ruthlessly takes advantage of the gullibility of Russian smalltowners. But he is unable to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth and his conscience forces him to set down these confessions. To appreciate the sharp-edged humor in this novel the reader must have some acquaintance with Yiddish folklore.

"Weatherby Crisis," by Bernard Lester (Twayne, $3.50), preaches the need for greater understanding between management and labor. Plant morale at the Weatherby pump manufacturing company has resulted in a strike which forced management to reorganize itself—an unlikely prospect unconvincingly portrayed—giving the employers a more personal sense of responsibility. Weak on fiction but strong on thesis.

"The Burning Jewel," by Teresa Kay (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75), lays bare the tortured soul of an English consul, Lindom Herm, stationed in Rumania, whose icy and sharp personality alienates influential people, goads his son into a fatal swim, and humiliates his wife through infidelity. The author of "A Crown for Ashes" draws a deeply morbid portrait of a man who finally seeks refuge in religious absolution.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 681

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 681 will be found in the next issue.

VHVKF QZP DJ NTV

XVPNVK BE Z XDKXCV,

MTBJV EZNZC

XDKXIQEVKVPXV TV

XZP PBN OZJJ.

—SBTP DPUZCCJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 680

Trifles make up the happiness or the misery of mortal life.

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

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The Literary Life at Seventy-Five

Continued from page 8

editor. He had an unerring eagle eye for what he called "the hole" in a story. He was a sound counselor for filling up the hole. But he was an unpredictable reviewer. Of one of my novels he said it was an absolutely first-class piece of fiction. Naturally I threw out my chest. I was young and inexperienced then. My next novel, he said, should be burnt by the common hangman. I deflated my chest. On looking back I am not sure it was that bad. Besides, the common hangman might have liked it.

Now in England it is, or was, different. Fame takes longer to mature and stays with you longer. If you keep writing books for fifty years you do achieve fame of a sort. If you still hang around and grow a long gray beard you become a Grand Old Man of Letters, and when you become senile your books will be reprinted.

I can recall an amusing case in my youth, George Meredith. The subject of trial marriage or, as they called it then, companionate marriage—what the Scotch call hand-fasting—was being ventilated in press and magazines. Some of you may remember Judge Lindsey. Well, some bright journalist recalled that the old gaffer down at Box Hill, if he was still alive, once wrote a novel called "The Amazing Marriage." Maybe he meant a trial marriage. The bright journalist went down and got an interview while the old boy sunned himself in his garden. He brought back the astonishing news that George Meredith approved of trial marriage. Novel readers were excited. They had no idea Meredith was *that* kind of writer. They jammed Mudies's rental library. Hadn't they *any*thing of Meredith's? It created a temporary revival. That was around 1908, when I published my first book.

Even more astonishing is the quirk of fate which shoots one author to a pinnacle of celebrity, or notoriety, and leaves another deep in oblivion. Take the Gissing brothers. George Gissing, a very serious novelist, became famous by a novel about what he called "The New Grub Street." I think his personal career, like Scott Fitzgerald's, was a help. At the end of his life he wrote a short non-fiction book, an excellent book, which caught public fancy. But his long historical novel "Veranilda," on which he lavished a wealth of classical erudition and hard work, never got off the ground. He was a friend of H. G. Wells, who put him in a novel. He was a friend of Frank Swinnerton, who wrote a fine biography of him.

But what about his brother, Algernon Gissing? Thirty years ago I mentioned him to Henry Seidel Canby, who said briskly he had never heard of him. I said he had written thirty novels and I had read two of them. He repeated he had never heard of him. Algernon lived in a village called Broadway in Worcestershire, and he was an authority on the region. He never did anything spectacular. He just wrote one novel after another, and nobody but me has ever heard of him. Not one of those novels is in the Yale Library. On the other hand, while the Yale Library has a full collection of George's works and other material about him, I doubt if he is any better known now than Algernon. Time is a great leveler.

AND, speaking of time, I am not one of those cheerful optimists who believe in the inevitable continuous evolution of literature as we have known it since the nineteenth century. That is a short view. I am sure the scribes who created that immense library of cuneiform clay cylinders collected by a Mesopotamian monarch 4,000 years ago believed that their profession would last forever. It did last a long time. So did the profession of their successors, the Egyptian public-relations men who concocted lying histories of non-existent victories for the Pharoahs who hired them. In our case it is only 500 years since the invention of movable type. Why should we assume that the era of printed books is going to last forever? I am glad I shall not live to see it, but I sometimes have a nightmare of a time far beyond "Nineteen Eighty-four" when electronic brains will drone out newer and more awful stories than Mickey Spillane's, throwing them direct on millions of television screens. Men will always want stories, and it is quite possible technology will eventually eliminate not only the printed word but the creative intelligence.

There are other reasons for shying away from anniversaries, but I have said enough about that. I would rather discuss briefly what could be called some of the curiosities of literature, such as, for instance, the extraordinary chanciness of some fame. It rivals betting on horses. What makes a book famous? Or what makes it sell? Some publishers feel that if they can

Lady Dancing in the Street

By A. Weinstein

THEY all spoke softly about her
and made a circle. Careful ones

stood by and poked each other;
one said he'd like to see her dance

alone, barefoot, on his soft rug.
Sidewalk and sky connived. Nothing

ever loved anything quicker than they
loved that space in that minute.

It was the way she pointed at you,
hands at her sides; it was the cloud of

understanding as she turned on her toes;
the minute you never mentioned

even in sleep. It was looking in
on your neighbor's dream.

Then the police came and everybody
left and nobody looked back. But

one cop took her gently by the arm
and walked her to a cab and paid her fare

and told his partner to shut up,
standing a minute in that space.

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make you believe it was written by a teenager or a convict in a penitentiary or the inmate of what the Elizabethans called a house of fair reception you will rush to pay $3.50 for it. There was a time when Mr. Gladstone, the great British Liberal statesman, could make a book's fortune by writing a postcard praising it. There was a time when the then Bishop of London could sell an edition by preaching a sermon against it. When Arnold Bennett was book reviewer for Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* he could sell a book, too. The first printing would be sold out next day. Mind you, the first printing might be only a few hundred copies, and novels were not $3.95 in those days. But he had started the book. Now I doubt if a reviewer can sell as many as a dozen copies by a good review.

These cases are not too farfetched. But what about a book like "Lorna Doone"? When R. D. Blackmore wrote it he was just another novelist. That was 1869. He wrote a number of other good novels. I have read some of them. But the publication of "Lorna Doone" was almost contemporary with the engagement of a popular princess, Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, to a popular young man, the Marquis of Lorne, son and heir of the Duke of Argyle. It was, moreover, a love match, and in those days the public had a fantastic interest in the Royal Family. In some miraculous fashion that public got the idea that "Lorna Doone" had something to do with the engagement of the Marquis of Lorne. The book was doing well, but then it became a runaway. The royal engagement and the love story of John Ridd and Lorna became identified in the public mind and heart. Now you can buy cookies called Lorna Doones, which is fame of a sort.

ANOTHER curiosity of modern literature is this. In the old days it was the dogged, talented writer who finally got his foot in the door of the temple of fame and by luck or cunning kept it there and established his position. Rags to riches; from an attic in a slum to a Georgian house in the country. That was the way writers like Dickens, Zola, Kipling, Bennett, Hardy, and so on climbed to fame and — sometimes — Westminster Abbey.

But since the book-clubs have come into the game the whole business works occasionally in reverse. I don't mean that you get into Westminster Abbey first and end up in the poorhouse. What I mean is, you can easily get the nod from a book-club with a first book and achieve a circulation that would make Dickens, Dumas, and Marie Corelli turn over in their graves. You reach the pinnacle in one jump and then find yourself down in the dusty arena struggling for a living. It becomes a real problem to adjust yourself to the new conditions—from riches to rags. A very testing situation, and peculiar to our modern literary life.

I mentioned the curious fate of "Lorna Doone" ending up as a cookie. I know other cases of such immortality. In Danbury, where I shop, my favorite tavern is called "The Mad Hatter," Danbury being a hat town. It is embellished with pictures of Alice in Wonderland. Such celebrity, like the Prince Albert coat, the Gladstone bag, the Brougham carriage, and the John Ruskin cigar, sometimes takes off and travels completely dissociated from the original in the public mind. I doubt if anyone having a drink at "The Mad Hatter," glancing at the pictures of Alice at her extraordinary party, has any memory of the book or its author, any more than smokers of John Ruskin cigars recall "The Stones of Venice."

I must make another digression. A

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
A MODEL FOR MURDER *Julius Fast* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Horse-playing NY spinster sees gal pitched from window; helps cops finger pitcher.	Characters vary from convincing to implausible, but average out well on plus side.	Pleasant.
DEATH WALKS ON CAT FEET *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Miss Rachel Murdock, aging LA amateur eye, explores family hates to solve young wife's disappearance.	Veterinary, ferocious feline, track touts in cast; police share minimal; sound-effects important.	Good fun.
THE CRIMSON AND THE PURPLE *Holly Roth* (S&S: $2.75)	Playwriting NY pvt. op. takes case involving old stage family; real cops enter game as corpse develops.	Roster of suspects lists thirteen; much quizzing essential; heavy on color, atmosphere.	She's beaten this.
DELAYED PAYMENT *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Bossy English godmother exits with scarf around neck; Waghorn of Yard tells Doc Priestley about it.	Rustic gossips chat at length; pickled shallots eaten; involved plot covers long period.	Plodding as ever was.
THE FACELESS ADVERSARY *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	NY Harvard Clubber framed for murder rap; peppy fiancée to rescue as tough cops quiz and quiz again.	Stolen public library book important item; suburban information hunt exciting and fruitful.	Very nice going.
HORROR ON THE RUBY X *Frances Crane* (Random: $2.75)	Pat and Jean Abbott, peripatetic shamuses, look into odd doings, odd deaths on New Mexico ranch.	Navajo-Hopi superstitions a factor; cars collapse and rattlers writhe; abundant conversations check pace.	Unfast.
THE BARBAROUS COAST *Ross Macdonald* (Knopf: $2.95	Lew Archer, LA-area eye, mixes with diving gals, hoods, movie biggies, crooked pugs, ditto cops; four die.	Lovesick Toronto reporter mainspring of many-peopled yarn that is overchatty in spots; much car travel.	Highhat toughie.
DEATH IN RETIREMENT *Josephine Bell* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Niece of superannuated English missionary-doctor (f.) plans wedding, breaks news; sundry deaths follow.	Dog is first victim as switcheroo plot unfolds; atmosphere doesn't quite grip; police work minor.	First book was better.
WE HAVEN'T SEEN HER LATELY *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Finding of missing old-stress only complicates British mystery; old and fresh murders finally solved.	Much emotional string-pulling, but pace is moderately good; love interest obtrudes.	Mildly exciting.
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR—1956 *David C. Cooke, ed.* (Dutton: $2.95)	11th compilation has dozen yarns by dozen name-writers in field; slicks are well represented.	Nice variety in type, treatment, method, payoff; eyes public and private.	Usual sound job.
POLICEMAN'S LOT *Harry Söderman* (Funk & Wagnalls: $5)	Leading European criminologist mixes autobiography, case histories, personal and professional philosophy.	Adventures cover many countries, embrace felony field from pocket-picking to murder; serious, mature job.	Excellent.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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gentle comment on the tendency of modern publishers to assume that they operate a philanthropic institution for indigent writers, that they pay much higher rates than their predecessors. This is simply not so. What is so is that the occasional large earnings of certain writers receive extravagant publicity. I remember an artist friend telling me, bug-eyed, of the fabulous earnings of a writer he had read of in *Life*. He looked blank when I said that, compared with the earnings of writers like Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, Ethel M. Dell, and Edgar Rice Burroughs, Mr. Thomas Ernest Hemingwolfe had earned little and not long. Those other writers earned large sums year after year after year. And hardly any income tax. My friend had never heard of them. Growing excited, I went on to astound him by recounting the earnings of George Eliot 100 years ago. For seven novels, several of them only leased, so she still owned them, she received just under £56,000. The pound sterling was then five dollars, and the purchasing power was five times what it is today. So George Eliot received the equivalent, in our money, of $1,400,000. No income tax, no literary agent getting his 10 per cent.

ENOUGH of that. I can close on what some might call a high note, but not a shrill one, by mentioning the most important member of the partnership. It is neither the author nor the publisher. It is the public. It is recognized by most people now that you cannot advertise a book into success. Nobody knows *what* makes a book sell. There was once a great scheme, and it seemed watertight, to eliminate the frightful hazards of the publisher, abolish what one publisher called "moribund remainders." A corporation was formed to limit the list to best-sellers. There were to be no lemons, no geese, only swans, in this new venture. A dozen phenomenally successful novelists were rounded up, given fat contracts, and the directors sat back to rake in the money. I often wonder what happened to that corporation. I could tell you the name of it if I wanted, but it doesn't matter now. The famous best-sellers were not happy away from their own publishers. They all went back after a while. This is by the way. What I wanted to point out is that public taste changes so subtly, and the publisher has to be alert to see it. You would have trouble selling "The Rosary" now, although when it first came out here it took an entire large printing plant to cope with the demand. Now the public clamors for stronger and gamier meat. It is a short view to blame the publishers. They have to have a sixth sense which anticipates the next jump in public taste. At present, owing to Freud and Kinsey and the tensions of the age, conventional citizens are lapping up more sex than usual; or, rather, they want it spelled out more explicitly than ever before except in books which used to be sold from under the counter. Now they are piled high *on* the counter and high-school girls discuss things that when I was at school were kept in medical clinics. Remembering what was called daring sixty years ago, this attitude of suburban, conventionally-living people and their children, living unexciting lives from cradle to grave, which causes them to read avidly about vicarious lust, infidelity, lesbianism and homosexuality, and what Hollywood calls "sleeping around," makes me wonder what comes next. I doubt if this will last very long. But when I told a literary agent that a book I was writing contained no fornication he immediately lost interest in me.

Perhaps I have let too many cats out of the bags already. All I intended was to make a few random reflections on the literary life as it appears to me at seventy-five. I did not, as so many young Americans do, plunge into writing even before I left college. I have to confess that I never went to college. I was a sea-going engineer from twenty-five to thirty-eight. I had published four books before I left the sea and, as we say, swallowed the anchor. I became a professional writer reluctantly and by accident. It was a fluke. Now, in old age, I sometimes wonder whether I would not have had a happier and more useful life if I had stayed at sea. Only sometimes. Now and again I take up one of my own books and read a bit, and I feel that it is not so dusty. If you can say that, at seventy-five, you are a writer. Or you have been a writer. You have achieved as much success as you deserve. And, at that, it no longer seems so very important. As Somerset Maugham said when he was seventy-five, you don't care. You are on the wing.

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ADOPTION FANTASY RECOLLECTIONS will assist my research. Write to Miss Jean Paton, Life History Study Center, P.O. Box 457, Ojai, California.

WILL SHARE HOME, gent, 70, Appalacian Mountains. Everything furnished, moderate. Box Z-580.

WHETHER fishing for ideas or lake bass, write "Bonniview," Lake Penage, Whitefish, Ontario, Canada for *your free copy of Howard Linn Edsall's* "BORROW & PROSPER," and make a vacation in this writers' and fishermen's island paradise a dream come true ($6.50 per day).

(Continued on page 42)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALS

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

SHARE FIVE ROOM APARTMENT EAST FIFTIES. Reasonable. Seek congenial, interesting, unhostile but not necessarily unneurotic young man. Box Z-566.

CUSTOM-MADE Christmas folders have to be ordered early, and with sketch of your house on them, the same picture may be used on your letter paper. Order now. TIFFT, 289 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

Those HANDICAPPED BY DISABLED HANDS from crippling diseases or accidents should know the MANUFLEX. It is widely known in rehabilitation clinics. Medical enquiries solicited. MANUFLEX, 2130 N.E. Klickitat, Portland 12, Oregon.

REWARD—$25 to person furnishing earliest printed (not anecdotal) reference to evidence of appearance of the "Kilroy Was Here" expression prior to October, 1945. Box Z-576.

SAVE BY PUTTING TOGETHER BEAUTIFUL ITEMS of exotic woods. Easy and fun . . . for gifts or home. Letter rack only $1.00 postpaid. Planter, with instructions on novel plants, $1.69. Both for $2.50. Also illustrated free folder on "Guild-Hall Selections"—monthly surprise wood kits for beginners or skilled. Reasonable subscription gives generous supply of choicest wood, full pattern and instructions. For hobby or profit. Bonus offer of excellent book on woodworking and tools. Send for rack or planter now, or information on subscription. GUILD-HALL, Inc., No. 7 Seventh St., Des Moines, Iowa.

WE TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS to the New Edition of the Complete Works of Mozart. This is the project recently described in the N.Y. Sunday Times Music Page. 3 volumes ready for distribution. Maximum annual cost $35. For information write Box Z-584.

PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE—live and work on artist's private island. Write George Barber, Stony Creek, Connecticut.

WILL SELL FOR $150 *cash complete collection* 37 books for solving rebus and word-building puzzles. List upon request. KAY SAGE, Woodbury, Conn.

WOULD LIKE TO CONTACT a writer familiar with the theory of drama, based on the *Jane Harrison*, Gilbert Murray approach. Lord Raglan's, as well. Live in New York area. Box Z-587.

QUANDARY—College Grad in service with much spare time and small quantum of money desires ideas, suggestions, etc. for worthwhile investment of either or both. Box Z-596.

FATHER WITH THREE healthy, attractive, well-behaved children (aged 4, 6, 10) needs mature woman to help with children, help cook. Drive or learn. Fine family, fine home, good salary, lots of cooperation. Vicinity Washington D.C. Box Z-594.

LEADING SOUTHWESTERN PUBLISHER needs country-wide salesmen. Write direct: The Naylor Company, P.O. Box 1838, San Antonio, Texas.

BRITISH GIRL seeks position, preferably with children, desires travel U.S.A. Box Z-593.

26, INTELLIGENT, RESOURCEFUL, RELIABLE; AB sociology, English; unusual combination experience including highly responsible Navy duty. Desire interesting, challenging position San Francisco or foreign travel. Box Z-591.

CONNECTICUT GENTLEMAN, 35, wishes *fishing* companion. Either two or three weeks. Last week July, first two August. Canada, picturesque French River Area, 200 miles north of Toronto. Share expenses. Box Z-595.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FIRE ISLAND. Beautifully furnished, radiant heated, fully insulated, 6-room modern home, 2 fireplaces, freezer, dishwasher, washing machine. Box Z-383.

BUILT INTO A WOODLAND SETTING, unusual and attractive 2-level, 4-room home. 3 acres. Furnished, $12,500. Lucy F. White, Hillsdale, N.Y.

UNIQUE CUSTOM-DESIGNED COUNTRY HOUSE, semi-furnished. 42-ft. studio living room and dining area, 3 picture windows. Fireplace, 2 bedrooms, 2 porches. 6 acres, secluded. Near Ravena, N. Y. $6,000. Box Z-583.

THETFORD HILL, VERMONT. Year round home, ideal setting for creative work. Eight room house, oil heat, two car garage, 939 ft. elevation, 3½ acres, perfect mountain views. A. B. GILE COMPANY, *INC., Norman Stevenson, Realtor, Hanover, New Hampshire.*

For Summer Rental

ARTIST'S HOME, Sag Harbor, N. Y. $200 month. GRamercy 5-6361 (NYC).

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND. Summer House, Estate Colony, Private Beach on Sound. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, spacious living room, kitchen. Suitable family groups. Glen Cove 4-4852M.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

SUBLET—August 1956—September 1957. Well-furnished 5 rooms, 2 baths. Midtown. Box Z-578.

TRAVEL

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO "DRIVE THROUGH BRITAIN." Write or cable Victor Britain now to rent a new self-drive Ford, Morris or Jaguar car from only $16.80 a week and 7¢ a mile. All gas and oil free. *Remember to ask for free copy of "Dine and Drive Through Britain"* to help plan your itinerary. The Victor Britain Rent-A-Car System, 12a Berkeley Street, London, W.1. Cables: Autobritn, London England.

14-DAY ALL-EXPENSE ESCORTED TOURS TO MEXICO, $146. Taxco, Mexico City, Acapulco, Cuernavaca. Compare with any tour. Spencers, 709 Parker, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

VACATIONS

SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan Food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE BUCCANEER, ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS. For a different vacation. 3 private beaches for swimming, fishing, boating. Tennis, calypso music, buffets on Saturday nights. Moderate rates. Ask your *travel agent or Buccaneer Office: 16 West 55 St., New* York 19, N.Y. JUdson 6-3070.

FARMS, HOTELS, welcoming children, Restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

TEELA-WOOKET AUTUMN RIDING CAMP. August 30-September 9. Ride beautiful mountain trails in Roxbury, Vermont. Expert instruction if desired. Swimming, golf, tennis. Excellent meals. Also Archery and Dance Camp. C. A. Roys, Box R, Roxbury, Vermont.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food, $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. Camp Eggemoggin, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

COMBINE VACATION WITH TANGLEWOOD—lakeside Lodge, cabins, sports, Hi-Fi, beautiful outdoors; recorded concerts outdoors by starlight; informal, congenial, unique. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS.

MT. LAKE GUEST FARM. Ideal vacation spot, relaxing atmosphere, excellent cuisine in Londonderry, Vermont.

VACATIONS

ECHO LAKE LODGE, Brandon, Vermont. Delightful adult resort directly on private lake, sandy beach, Deluxe cabins, private showers. Swimming, tennis, summer theatres, delicious food. $50 to $60. Phone Hubbardton—CR. 3-2501.

TARA—Delightful vacation resort Stamford, N.Y. American cooking, all sports, informal, congenial, no overcrowding. $40 week.

HOLIDAY HAVEN—Quiet, comfortable, informal—Rooms, housekeeping apartment—swimming, cycling, surf or deep sea fishing or just settin' and lookin'. Rates reasonable. Box 297, Block Island, R.I.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, Hi-Fi. $75 to $95 weekly. LOngacre 4-1690. (NYC).

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. *Immaculate ocean-front apartments, beach, skin-diving,* tennis, fishing, shelling, loafing. Improbable sunsets, impossible birds, balmy tropical isle. Literate, congenial company. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

INTERLAKEN INN—A charming resort on the most beautiful lake in the Berkshires. Golf, fishing. May 14-October 15. Brochure. Write Box 412, Lakeville, Connecticut.

SOUTHWIND, WOODBOURNE, NEW YORK. Informal adult resort. Private lake, Fishing, Boating, Swimming, Tennis. Outstanding record collection. Excellent American cuisine.

BRANDON INN, *on village green near library,* churches. Real New England Food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 11, Vermont.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Congenial companions. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, *informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.*

ARROWHEAD LODGE—one mile from Empire State Music Festival. Clay tennis courts, sports, folk-square dancing, entertainment. Informal. Telephone: CHelsea 2-2453 (NYC), Ellenville 502.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. Rates $10 up A. P. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

SEA CLIFF INN, Nantucket Island, Mass. Near bathing beaches. Water averages 72 degrees. Golf, all sports. Excellent cuisine. Suites in cottages. Modified American Plan, European Plan also available. Robert Lloyd, Manager.

HATHAWAY LODGE, THE LUXURY LODGE FOR ADULTS. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In The Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails. Tennis, handball, all sports. Recordings, library, Square, folk and ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. 2¼ hours via *Thruway. For reservations or booklet;* HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Phone Tannersville 299.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal adult resort. Concert Trio. Syd Skolsky, Folk Singer *& Dance Leader. Crafts. All Sports. Summer Stock.* Circle 6-6386 (NYC).

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

EDGEWATER HOUSE, LINCOLNVILLE BEACH, MAINE. U.S. Route #1, for that MAINE vacation.

MUSIC INN at LENOX, MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Igor Stravinsky. Adjacent to Music Barn and Wilbur de Paris. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1164

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

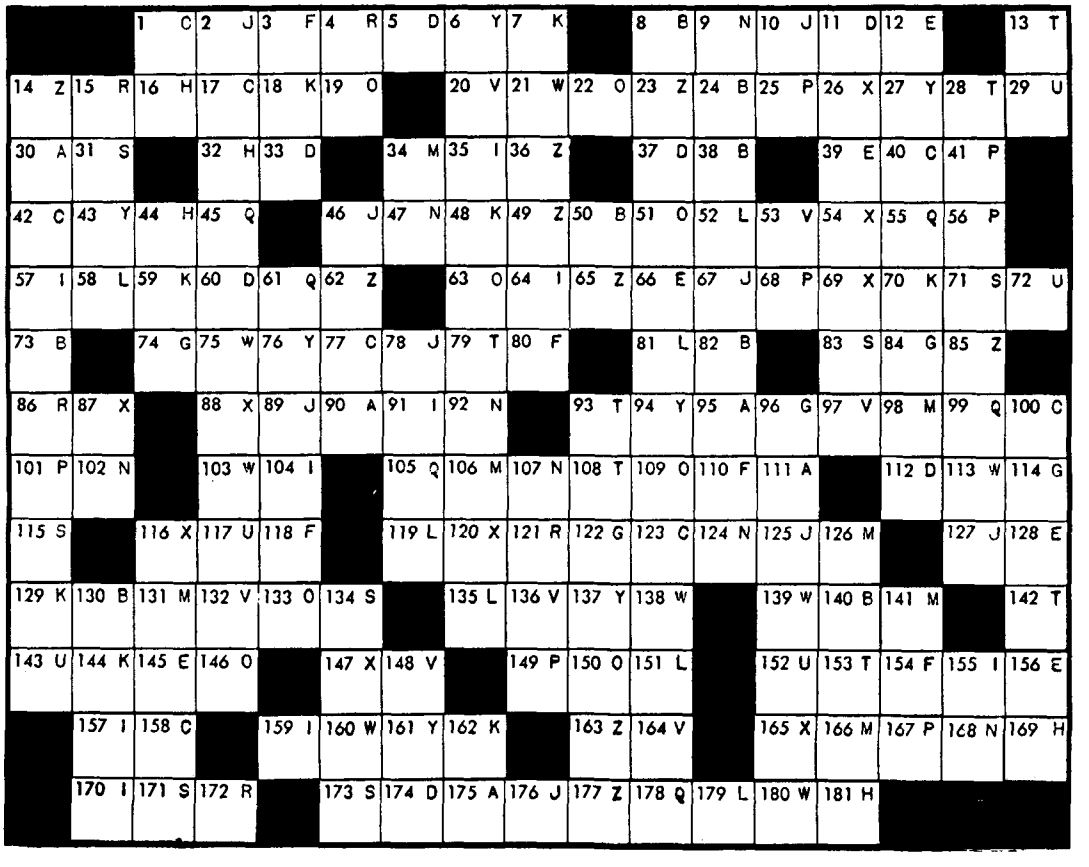
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The liver; a liverlike substance; in homeopathy, calcium sulphide.	11 175 90 95 30
B. Scare.	130 38 8 50 24 73 140 82
C. Regarded as the famous secret prisoner, "The Man in The Iron Mask," five years in the Bastille.	42 77 40 123 100 158 1 17
D. Eyeglasses, esp. pince-nez.	112 37 174 60 33 5 11
E. Most groundless.	39 12 145 66 156 128
F. "Something for the birds."	154 80 118 3 110
G. First of Canada's national parks.	74 84 96 114 122
H. Vinegar, according to Hamlet.	181 32 44 169 16
I. Trim and tidy neatness.	64 170 159 157 91 35 155 104 57
J. Patron saint of Naples.	176 2 125 10 89 67 46 78 127
K. One who bears witness.	59 70 48 7 18 162 129 144
L. Persons ill adjusted to their environment.	151 179 52 135 81 58 119
M. Shut the eyes to.	98 126 106 34 166 141 131

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Describing the violet on that "bank whereon the wild thyme blows" (Midsummer Night's Dream).	47 9 92 168 124 102 107
O. Spiral.	19 51 133 109 22 150 63 145
P. One who talks much about himself and his own interests.	68 56 101 149 167 41 25
Q. Reticulated.	55 105 45 99 61 178
R. Uncompromisingly inflexible.	4 121 15 86 172
S. The black spruce Picea Mariana (2 wds.).	134 31 83 173 71 171 115
T. Having a high boiling-point range and a low Baumé gravity (comp.).	108 153 142 93 13 79 28
U. Historical region of NW France whose capital is Angers.	117 72 152 143 29
V. A government's systems of duty levied on goods.	53 20 136 132 164 148 97
W. Derived from verbs.	21 160 75 138 103 139 113 180
X. Lawful claim or title.	147 116 87 26 88 69 120 54 165
Y. Reddish-yellow Chinese pottery introduced into Europe by the Portuguese.	6 137 27 76 161 94 43
Z. The Cape ash.	49 85 62 36 14 23 163 177 65

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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Visit the room where our liberty was born...

Assembly Room, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

You stand in this room at Independence Hall and see it as it was on that hot July morning 180 years ago when the Declaration of Independence was adopted. In your mind's eye you can see Ben Franklin . . . John Adams down from Massachusetts . . . and Tom Jefferson up from Virginia. This is where the States of America were born, and eleven years later became United.

Here you can see the silver inkstand used in the Signing and the chair Washington sat in at the Constitutional Convention. In the nearby hallway you can put your hand on the Liberty Bell, the cracked symbol of a nation that didn't crack.

At Independence Hall and in the immediate vicinity, the National Park Service is engaged in establishing Independence National Historical Park so that visitors of today and tomorrow may see the entire area as it was when the colonists pioneered a new form of government there in 1776.

America has always been a land of pioneers—rough, fearless men in buckskins who spanned rivers and topped mountains to open up this vast land. But the bewigged men in the satin breeches who gathered in Philadelphia were the most fearless pioneers of all, for they opened up the minds of men . . . and gave the world a new concept of freedom.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Independence Hall, or travel anywhere in the United States, let us help plan your motor trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.—also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS for its important role in the preservation of our historic heritage. The Federation has contributed over $210,000 to the National Park Service's restoration of the lower floor of Independence Hall and through its more than 5 million members in 15,312 clubs has been ever active in the field of conservation.

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